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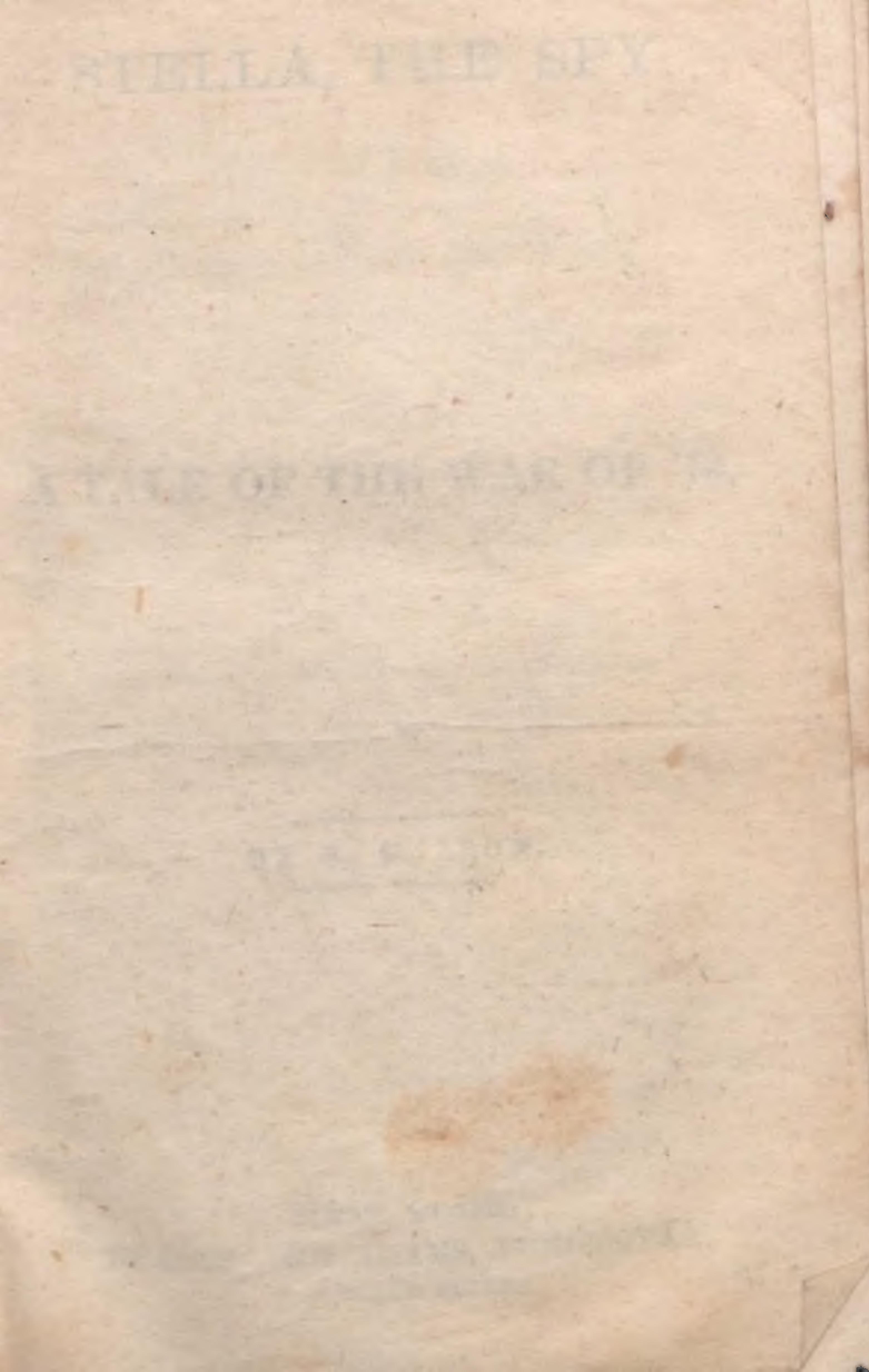
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# STELLA, THE SPY.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF '76.

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BY N. C. IRON.

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ДЛЯ ВСЕХ  
СОВРЕМЕННЫХ СИЛ ВОЛОСКОВЫХ  
СИЛ ВОЛОСКОВЫХ

# STELLA:

## THE DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RECONNOISSANCE.

ON the evening of a sultry day in August, in the year 1776, a lady and gentleman were discerned riding over the rugged ground between the then village of Brooklyn and those heights which traverse, like a rocky spine, from east to west of Long Island. Their route was evidently directed toward the middle pass of that portion of the elevation called Bedford Hills. The gentleman was a tall military figure, wore a sword by his side, carried pistols in his holsters, and was well mounted. The lady, attired in the elegant riding habit of the present day, then rarely used in America, sat her horse with grace and firmness.

The thoughts of the officer seemed abstracted from the beauty of his companion, who, however, found diversion in the willful gambols of her capricious steed. These equestrians, apparently influenced by different feelings, were, nevertheless, devoted to the same cause. They were brother and sister—Rufus and Stella Westville—faithful sprigs of that good old tree known to the world as the tree of liberty. Both had been sent to England for education by their guardian, where they gained many English friends and habits, but their hearts were true to the soil of their birth; and, although Rufus was intended for the army, and Stella was enjoying the rich associations of refined society, yet when the British monarch frowned upon the colonist, and vowed an oath of vengeance which eventually fell upon his own head, Rufus and Stella left the gilded fountain of their happiness and hastened to do honor to the names of their forefathers at the more humble shrine of their beloved and injured country.

Rufus was now a Captain in the American army, and was stationed at New York, where he and his sister occupied a house, a portion of their joint heritage.

As the dangers of war had become more imminent, most of the ladies and families of the officers had retired from its vicinity, and Rufus implored his sister to join some of their friends in Philadel-

phia; but Stella, inspired with the courage of her race, could not be induced to quit a city where her very presence lightened the burdens of many of those whose poverty chained them to the spot. Rufus loved his sister dearly; but he had no argument to oppose to these impressions of self-duty, and ceased to urge her further on the subject. In the intervals of leisure from military duties, Stella often accompanied her brother in his rides, and on this occasion she had prevailed upon him to permit her to cross the ferry to Brooklyn, a request rarely conceded. He was usually a pleasant and amusing companion; but deep thought was now settled on his brow, and he who would have been formerly so much delighted at the eccentric pleasantries of his sister's Barb, now disregarded both horse and rider. They themselves were the only participants in the joy which they created.

Soon Rufus and Stella emerged from the woody pass and ascended a height which unfolded to their view a scene of mighty grandeur. Even the sternness on the countenance of Rufus relaxed into a smile as he gazed upon the gorgeous panorama, and with enthusiasm he exclaimed :

"Stella, what magnificence!"

At their feet lay the bay of New York, like a lustrous mirror, inclosed in the mighty frame-work of Jersey, Manhattan and Long Island. The sun was bidding farewell to earth in all the splendor of his golden beams. The tide was receding from the Sound and from the Hudson, meeting in giddy confluence as it rushed toward its parent ocean, and kissing in its flow the many islands which grace these fairy waters. Then rose Staten Island, nature's sentinel, guarding the gateway of this huge lake—a diadem in the sea—a fortress in the waters.

But the peaceful influence of this superb view was soon destroyed as brother and sister made a more minute scrutiny. In the outer harbor were reposing upon the bosom of the ocean between one and two hundred vessels of almost every design in naval architecture—from the gigantic man-of-war, rendered terrible by the rows of guns frowning from its ports, to the almost worthless transport. They formed the fleet of England, and conveyed a British army from the white cliffs of proud Albion to attempt to subjugate the colonists who dared to wish to be as free as her own people. The troops and armaments had been landed on Staten Island, their place of rendezvous, where they rested in their grandeur, displaying to their puny foe their fearful power.

The brother and sister surveyed the fleet and the island alternately. On the decks of the war vessels of the enemy the watch only was visible, while those of the transports were tenantless. The heights of the island, however, were rendered more picturesque by the white tents of the foe, who, having quitted the narrow limits of their ocean prisons, and made this delightful island their habitation,

now raised these canvas tenements in the air and exulted, in their return to land, in wild and healthful exercises.

"Those are the woodmen, Stella," said Rufus, with an expression of contempt upon his upper lip, "who, with swords and fire, have come to hew down and consume the tree our suffering fathers planted."

"Which," said Stella, "to pursue the metaphor, will prove more tenacious of life than those countless artisans imagine."

"But they are inveterate workmen, Stella," continued Rufus; "and, depend upon it, they will not retire from their fell purpose and acknowledge their defeat until they have drenched this devoted land with the blood of its patriot sons."

"Still, Rufus," said Stella, her beautiful countenance lighted with an animation that made her appear more than human, "in all history it is recorded that the price of liberty is blood. Never is this envied boon yielded by the grace of rulers. It is wrested by the sword, and so fatal is usually the struggle that the sweets which freedom give to life are rarely enjoyed by those who win them. It makes me almost regret my sex, dear Rufus, that I, like you, can not participate in the holy contest which will render this age the glory of succeeding generations. I feel that justice is in our cause—that it is the strong arm in battle, and that a little David has arisen who, in due time, will slay this vaunting Goliah whose arrogant pennant now floats over our unconquered waters."

"It is this feeling," replied Rufus, "that arms our hearts, and renews and determines our courage when we hesitate to defy to deadly conflict the first nation of the world. Yet, dear Stella, much as our country is in want of warriors, I would not have you otherwise than sister to myself; and, indeed, considering your favorable response to certain requisitions propounded by a brilliant son of Mars, you would not happily quit so coveted an individuality and join us rough and hardy troopers."

Stella blushed deeply at this allusion of her brother, as he gazed slyly on her face. She wished that her frolic Barb would practise some of his wonted curvets that she might shade the deep crimson of her face; but he was perversely stable, and seemed wholly engrossed by the attractions of the bay below his nimble feet, the vessels in the outer harbor, and the tents upon the isle—at least his fiery eyes were directed toward these novelties; so his fair mistress had to relieve the maiden shame upon her cheek by the vivacity of her tongue.

"Who dwells in yonder villa," exclaimed Stella, directing her brother's attention to a dwelling on the island, "whence that proud banner waves?"

Rufus smiled significantly. He comprehended the tactics of his darling sister, and then replied:

"Those are the quarters of General Howe, who commands the army, and who will soon lead his legions against us."

"What happy days, dear Rufus, we have passed in England!"

said Stella, the confusion having disappeared from her face, leaving an expression of pain and regret as her thoughts recurred to a happier period. "With what delight we have wandered through its grassy meadows and noble parks, rendered more lordly by its mighty oaks and antlered deer; danced on its mossy lawns; inhaled the rich perfume of its gardens; listened to the melody of the blackbird, thrush and all the numerous family of feathered warblers, as they announced the dawn of day and the approach of evening; then, when this merry staff of minstrels had sought their rest, and the fairy hours of twilight had yielded to those of darkness, with what ecstasy we have listened to the plaintive notes of the marvelous nightingale, who, despite the lateness of its concert hour, poured into the atmosphere a flood of song that was of ethereal sweetness."

"Those are pleasing recollections, Stella," said Rufus; "but it was not to those my mind reverted as I looked toward yonder hills."

"I have more poignant thoughts," said Stella, "and they press more heavily upon me now that the British legions occupy the island. I do not forget our relatives, our friends, and our associations. How dearly they loved! How kindly, liberally they treated us! And, Rufus, that some of those at whose table we have sat, of whose hospitality we have frequently partaken, may be floating beneath the pennants that so proudly wave from those ships' masts, or be preparing their arms in yonder tents—that your next meeting may be in blood—your next embrace in death."

"If my former friends are among those who seek the destruction of my country, they are now my foes," replied Rufus. "I love the soil of my birth and of my fathers, and I will uphold its banner as long as I have life. If friend or relative come in the ranks of a hostile army to draw the sword against the sacred rights of my native land, he shall find me an uncompromising antagonist."

"Yes, Rufus, you are my noble brother," said Stella, with great emotion—"a true son of liberty; and I, by a few acts of kindness, have endeavored to be deserving as a daughter, although the achievements of a poor sister can never cast much brightness on your name."

"Indeed, Stella," said Rufus, "you shed a greater luster than you suppose. Those 'few acts of kindness' have not escaped the keen and observant eye of General Washington, who, only yesterday, complimented me on the illustratious conduct of my sister in administering to the wants of some, allaying the fears and terrors of others, and of relieving him, by her influence and her example, from importunities to which he could not listen without pain, because he had no power to grant their prayers. But I must hasten away. You have seen this terrible enemy, Stella, and now let us turn our backs upon him, for to-day I am allowed that privilege without the charge of cowardice."

Rufus and Stella turned the heads of their horses and commenced

to retrieve the mail which they had passed. Both now were thoughtful. At length Stella said :

" Were not some of the soldiers passing their tents?"

" I perceived nothing of the kind," replied Rufus. " You must be mistaken, Stella."

But further conversation was interrupted by the approach of a horseman. He was riding rapidly, and he was evidently a soldier, but his features were with great difficulty. He was too anxious to be seen to pay any attention to the rider, but it is to be apprehended, the quick eye of Stella detected him, and she exclaims :

" Why, it is Percy Archer!"

" You exult in the power of recognition," said Rufus, smiling.

Stella looked steadily at the personage of her vision, not that there was any cause for suspicion in the appearance of this cavalry, but there was something in the look and words of her brother which made her think that he often as wished to have so plainly discerned what was impossible to him. The horseman alighted. Stella was correct—it was Percy Archer. He was a handsomer, slenderly made, with expressive features, sandy hair, blue-gray eyes, and rather long nose. He came forward with a smiling face, evidently pleased to encounter such society.

" A jewel in the wilderness," he exclaims, as he laid his cap to Stella, and then grasped her tiny hand, " which all is rare faster to such a dreary ride."

" But what makes this late in you, Percy?" demanded the impatient Rufus.

" I am in search of the enemy," replied Percy.

" Well, you will find them beyond the hills—this vessel's sleeping on the water which is so turbulent, and so difficult to pass beneath its waves. Possibly this information will entice you to join us and return."

" I do, I can not," replied Percy; " I must hasten on. It is said that the enemy has struck his tents, and is even now halting on this side."

" It is possible that such an event should occur my late," said Rufus.

" I hope the injury of such an event will be extremely slight, and will not be beyond your view. I have sent the General, and I hope to be quick. He is a good soldier, and a good general, and a good man."

" I hope so, too. I have seen at the fort that the General is a good soldier, and a good man. Very few men are good men. My brother is a good man, but he is not good enough to entreat you to guard against it."

" I would accompany you, Percy," said Rufus. " Stella, take

within the redoubt and await our return. You will be in perfect safety there."

Stella indicated her willingness, and the friends rode on. Her horse, however, did not like this separation; and, while he pawed the air with his foot, his mistress discussed whether they adhered to her brother's wishes or to gratify her own. Although she had just quitted the scene to which the journey of Percy and her brother was directed, where all seemed tranquillity, still she did not forget the impression that there was some design between the two assumed repose, and that the consequence might be very serious to these two bold cavaliers on whom all her happiness depended. The friend feeling so strengthened in her breast that she resolved to follow them; and giving her willing Barb the rein, with a thudding heart she flew with the swiftness of an arrow toward the pass.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE CAPTURE AND THE RESCUE.

PERCY ARCHER was a bold and gallant Virginian, with such a soul as Old Dominion at that time put into her sons. With his large and generous heart he loved the world; but for his own native country he had a devotion he could not afford to other climes. He was too noble and manly to oppress or live beneath oppression, and when he saw that it was necessary to draw the sword or sacrifice to the haughty injustice of the British monarch, he joined the patriot army, and was now Major of as gallant a regiment as ever Washington stood a fee. General Washington, who knew well his heroic race, esteemed him as a very promising soldier, and the young warrior venerated every order of the General. In very early youth Percy and Stella had been friends; nor had distance, nor the long years of absence, lessened the impress on her bosom of his heart. And Stella, though surrounded by the gay and amorous flatterers of another land, did not forget the boyish devotion of the hero of Virginia. When Percy heard that Roder, with equal faithfulness, had returned to the aid of his native land—when his friend had quitted the invades of England to save the rights and dangers of America—he hastened to the camp to bid adieu, and to his astounded eye entered Sir George Washington, exuding the honor in his heart, and strength in his arm. A friend with surprising qualities will be often a good friend, though but frank and manly manners of a soldier. He said, however, that she was America's true daughter, though he

pupil; that his ample heart had admitted another love as well as that of his country, and he could enjoy no more happiness until he had extracted a secret from Stella's breast which she could not in truth conceal.

On the occasion of the meeting between Percy, and Rufus and Regis, the former had been despatched by Washington to ascertain if the enemy was making any such movement as had been reported. His review was necessarily brief, as the utmost rapidity was desirable. As the friends parted from Stella, they rode with all the speed of their horses toward the pass, that Percy might regain even the few minutes he had spared in consultation. They soon came upon the saddle-path which led off from a view of the island and the vessel. The tents of the enemy still watched the horizon, and nothing indicated any intention to change their position. Still as they came, and only a rapid view of the east, they determined to proceed and return to these points without delay.

They rode on at great speed without uttering any other observations than those in reference to the ruggedness of the path. No sound was heard but the rattling of their steeds and the heavy tread of their feet in the sand, when suddenly, Percy exclaimed, without reining in his horse :

"Hark, Rufus, is not that the clash of arms?"

"I hear nothing, Percy," replied Rufus, "but the noise of our horses."

"It was right I even should not speak," said Percy, in an excited tone.

"You let me do what I can, leave our horses in the capo, and I will risk it, which will afford us an extensive view," suggested Rufus.

They leaped from their horses, secured them, and had just emerging from the woods, when they heard the sound of voices.

"The enemy is taken, Rufus," cried out Percy; "let us up here, take a general view, and then to the General."

They dashed up the saddle-path, and before reaching the summit, threw themselves on the ground, crept to the highest point, and, pushing off their heads through the tall grass, they lay flat down upon the beach. Both were satisfied at the noise. Several hundred men had landed, and their number seemed to arrive. They were fully armed, provided with rifles, and posted their position with the most skillful daring. They were standing, by ranks, in full array, talking, as if they were in perfect security, and had landed for enjoyment on a friendly coast.

"I must run," said Percy, "or the cool efficacy of these men will overcome my prudence."

"I would not of such a deduction," replied Rufus; "not a sentinel posted on the heights." —

"Your person, gentleman, you are wrong," said a strange voice;

then, before they could recover from their astonishment and rise to their feet, the same voice called in military command:

" Soldiers, make ready, present ! "

The movement of soldiers was hushed, and then there was a hasty  
parley—no sound but the rustling of the bushes. I was now surrounded  
by the French from the Atlantic— and when the first shot was fired on the  
ground, their eyes looked directly into the muzzles of six muskets.  
Midway between the soldiers and the sailors, who were then prepared  
to deliver a deadly volley, stood a tall, thin man, his hand on his sword, with  
a drawn sword and firmly held in his right. After the first shot had  
fallen, he stepped forward, and said, "I am the King of France, and  
that was his rank—had I allowed Leisy and Riche to remain  
alive the nature of his preparations and their intent I should have, he  
said:

"Gentlemen, do you yield us prisoners of war?"

It was a bitter question to these young chaps, who were in all the fire of youth—in all the energy of patriotic feeling—but who had only seized, before they could strike a blow. They could not repeat. They had lost their way and despaired of ever finding it. On either side and behind were the perpendicular walls of the castle which they stood, and which had been built to the very center of the earth; in front was the darkness, interwoven with the clouds. They had not all had the time to consider the position of the sun when it was noon.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am a man who has seen many things."

"To whom?" asked Rufus.

"To Sir John Berkeley, Sir Thomas, and Sir Edward's  
Ladies, this cap is presented with respect."

"What is the alternative?" asked Perry.

"With the exception of the *W. m. m.* the *W. m. m.* is the only species

"Wanted," said Ruth and Paul.

"Gentleman," called the sergeant, smilingly, "I know  
(you're not used to) a good many things."

"We want to live this country, and to work, and to play, and  
we have never been able to do that in any country; we will do it willingly."  
Untarily."

*Laste.* After a time he approached Percy and Rufus, and giving the military salute, he said :

" Gentlemen, the chances of war have placed you in my power. You are the first specimens of the enemy yet taken, and two finer officers can not lead a regiment. May I ask the honor of your names ? "

" I am Major Archer," said Percy.

" And I am Captain Westville," said Rufus.

" Gentlemen, you have my sympathy," said the Sergeant, " and I would have rather taken you in the field than within our picket."

" Within your picket ? " exclaimed both Percy and Rufus, in alarm. " We passed no sentinel—our object was to remain silent."

The Sergeant, however, made no reply to this observation; but, as Percy and Rufus had declined to give their parole, he prepared to march them in secure custody. He placed two of his men in front, one on each side and two in the rear of his prisoners, and with his guard thus disposed, gave the order to move forward. With all the bright hopes dashed into darkness, with breasts torn with agony, these almost frantic captives proceeded step by step toward a locality which led to the British camp upon the beach.

In the meanwhile, Stella, mistrusting the security of the road, which, up to the moment that Percy and Rufus had pursued it alone, had seemed so safe, crossed along the unbroken plain with all the energy of her willing steed. She saw the friends as mid the heights where she had viewed the enemy, then, as if eager for a nearer encounter than the hill afforded, they recommenced their journey toward the beach before she could rejoin them.

" Fay, fly, my good Bula," exclaimed Stella, " for my heart mis-trusts me that there is danger to Percy and my brother."

The faithful horse put forth his war-aces powers, and endeavored to attain the wall of the camp; but despite the skillful efforts in the chase, Percy and Rufus disappeared behind some trees, and when Stella reached them, they were out to be seen. She stood in her master's Bula, thought for a single instant, then plunged into the wood at the margin of which she perceived the imprint of a horse's foot. She threaded the many trees until she discovered the hidden robbers. Then riding to the edge of the wood at a distant point from that at which she had entered, she discovered Percy and her brother climbing up the hill at a short distance, and when they had nearly reached the summit they cast themselves on the earth, as if to look from its height in greater ease.

All around had the tranquility of peace. The sun had sunk below the horizon, the gloom of evening was descending, and the stars of Scotia began to sparkle, when she saw, rising to a hill above, and the solar objects of her care, who were still prostrate on the earth, some very faint and glimmering bayonets, then a few bright points, then the heads which fitted them, and next the regular steps of the enemy. It was a file of the British, commanded by a man

commissioned officer. They made their appearance about half way up the hill on which Percy and Ross stood, and as they came into full view, Stella observed that by some singular accident, the men who had turned the steamer to the right, had now left her brother and her betrothed Percy at their mercy.

The girl rushed back upon her boat, and bitter indeed and livid as marble. She clasped her hands and held them in supplication toward Heaven, but could not follow them upward with her eyes, for they were on the tableau in the distance. A voice awoke her; but she was deaf to the sense of hearing. A finger pressed her elbow; but she was impervious to a touch so gentle. The faculties of her mind were absorbed in one great terror.

"Lady," exclaimed a voice, determined to be heard, and at the same time a firm hand grasped her arm, "Lady, you are ill—you are a widow—I am a soldier, and will assist you."

The word "soldier," was one of enchantment to her ear. She withdrew her eye from its fascination, she regarded the soldier, recognized the uniform of the American army, and exclaimed:

"Two of your comrade-soldiers—young, brave, and dear to me and to your country—are the prisoners of the British, who are about to shoot them."

The soldier, who was an officer in a rifle brigade, regarded this speech as the voice of a distressed mind. He gazed in wonder at what was transpiring where he stood, in order to cover the interval in front; but, as it left her hand, Stella took it by the wrist, and she now pulled him so earnestly toward a tree, that he fell. In a moment he comprehended the intention of the girl, and his brother officers.

"Young lady, I will not swerve from my mission—every moment is of value. I see the peril of those gentlemen and the remedy. You are well mounted. If you can get into the dress and lead's in I will save them—if you yield to these high-sounding words, it will tend to disarm me."

"Sir," said Stella, grasping the hand of the officer, "your words follow me with life, while the hand of death is on my heart. Most joyfully will I follow your commands. My horse is equal to my duty, and I will be a faithful subaltern."

"Thinking nearly a direct course," said the officer, "that all of a rifle brigade here, some of my men are to be called. Tell six of them to approach in the most stealthy manner to the bushes before the mouth of the hill that overlooks the beach. Let them stand by. They are no marksmen—they will be provided by the enemy. I will meet them there. Now, young lady, listen only to my command. Turn back again; skirt these woods to the right, and make your way across fearlessly in front of the hill, that serves as a vantage point. Concentrate all of the attention of the British on me, and you will be safe in your operations. With 115 men on all sides, your man is well beconceded in half an hour. Should my men not arrive in due time to pur-

ticipate in the rescue, do not believe me without other device. I trust we shall meet again in triumph."

The officer and Stella pursued their separate routes. The soldiers were discovered by Stella and were no sooner made aware of the command of their Captain, than they were striding through the forest toward the place of rendezvous. In the mean while, Stella retraced her steps, followed the course directed by the officer and debouched upon the open space in front of the bough, just as Percy and her brother, guided by the British, were about to turn down the declivity to embark at the beach. The prisoners, amazed at this sudden appearance in the face of danger of one whom they considered so instant and so safe, paused in their descent. The Sergeant and his men, partaking of the surprise, sympathized in the halt, although in the perfection of their discipline they continued to move their feet as if upon the march. Stella, all eager strictly to directions, rushed forward at a walking pace, seemingly indifferent at what she saw, though her eyes were straining to receive the hope that was not then in view.

Presently, however, there was a gentle movement of the bushes in the rear of the soldiers as if they were disturbed by the air that came refreshingly from the Atlantic; and then to her alone were visible the forms of men. The officer—for it was he and bold his followers—as he emerged from his leafy shelter, placed a finger hastily on his lips to impress on her the importance of silence as well as self-possession. Stella then saw this hidden little band, led by their wary chief—on whose success rested their lives, the lives of those she loved, and, probably, her own—pass stealthily toward the unsuspecting foe. Her feelings were intensely terrible, and she felt wholly unequal to the drama that seemed preparing. Her happiness—the feeling of her young heart—was centered in the efforts of another man, whom a glimpse of one of these stern soldiers might dispel.

At this crisis a hand of good I seized her captain's arm. He leaped into the air, and while the eyes of the soldiers were riveted on those unusual ranks, Stella saw a rush, an admixture of scarlet and green among the men, then a mad wrestling, then a separation, and then—oh, victory to the joyous love of Stella—the Greeks forced in line with arms in their hands in front of the Southerners, who were now the prisoners. The attack had been boldly made and daringly resisted. Every one of the British was slain except the Sergeant, who had been so valiantly led. He clung to his to be rendered, for a time, impotent. Percy and Russel recognized the uniform, and were as much delighted at the victory as exultant in their own liberty. They ranged themselves in line with the heroic commander.

The Sergeant never flinched from his post, and died from the earth. There was a dead uprightness he had by surveyed the gallantless condition of his men. He was a dead man, for,

had heard his rivals greatly unfeared, and therefore did not despair of regaining what he had so shamefully lost.

" Soldiers," he vociferated, as he stepped before his men, and waved his sword in the air, " let us show these people what we can do without our muskets. Advance and renew your arms!"

The men hesitated. They knew the deadly charge their muskets contained, and the glittering bayonets, directed by powerful arms, were nearly at their breasts. The Sergeant, however, suddenly lost his Alvinian, and was about to precipitate himself upon the Americans, when Percy stepped forward, exclaiming:

" Brave Englishman, accident has given me and my friend in your power—a rival incident has released us from it. Let them be as heedless as the capture. The soldiers of my gallant friend are as fearless as your own; but, with arms in their hands, are truly your match. If, therefore, you advance, you die. If you retreat, you are at liberty to return to your camp."

The Sergeant earned his impetuosity at the words of Percy. He regarded the conditions of release as harsh and unfair; but still he felt the humiliation acutely.

" I accept the terms," he said, in reply. Then exhorting, " Fall in, men!" he added, addressing himself to Percy and Radnor: " If this be a sample of your army, we shall have some work to do. Your officers have proved base; but I would rather it had been a manly than a cowardly one, especially as it will require some valour to cut from the memory of the regiment the day when Sergeant J. Guard-Sergeant lost six students of arms with a single blow."

The defeated Sergeant marched his soldiers heavily toward the beach, to report to his listless officers the catastrophe which had occurred upon the hill.

As the Sergeant disappeared, Percy seized the hand of the officer who had dictated his liberation.

" I can not sufficiently extol the daring adventure by which I and my friend are again free and restored to the service of my country. No words can express one-half of what I feel. You have known it from my lips as the fitter of inspiration; but truly we conversed an hour. Yet that little space of time was almost like a year. It is like stepping from death to life."

Before the officer could reply, Radnor and Percy stepped up, their countenances pale, but greatly exulted, which was evident from the tears still glistening in her eyes. She exulted doubly for herself.

" There are two us," she said, " who are to be pitied. But they seem to prefer to this. They find a home here. I have come to express my appreciation of your services. You are the one man he restored to happiness, and he is my brother, and—"

" My brother—fondly," interposed the officer, in a voice as dry as his eyes. " Do not mind it, " you overtake us. It's true. His life is one of misery. He lives upon such aliments as you have

wife as I. It is fatal to the appetite created by his profession, and how will scarcely think his uniform unsullied if his life was not in danger once or twice each week. I am proud that I have never, I fear, told a lie to such gallant fighters in the defense of my dear country as those so wily friends, and that their falsehood has rendered insolent to your heart; but, when I behold these friends—the muskets of the time—which now furnish the arms of my bold country-wars, thank, my dear lady, we owe our gratitude to you for affording us the clue to such a victory."

The other friends had rather done their duty by intimating that a detachment of the enemy would be immediately sent in pursuit, and therefore suggested a retreat. The party carried their course to the point where the horses of Percy and Ruffus were tethered. There they separated, Solla and her father and Percy retracing the road which led to Brooklyn, and the other and his men retreating to their little encampment.

It was now quite dark, and even Barbado became prudent and sober in his pace. The friends were constrained to proceed very slowly over the broken plain. Ruffus led the party the way, leaving Percy and Solla to follow in the rear, who were far more intent upon the security of their horses than the care of their own guidance for the safety of their travel.

## CHAPTER III.

### PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

When the friends returned to New York, the city was greatly excited. Intelligences had preceded them of the landing of the British, and excited by such wild reports as appalled the nation. Matters were passing through the streets as if during the hottest days of summer; they could not be, while the children recited the history of the revolutionaries and Americans. The tumultuous, noisy meeting in the hall, the tumultuous shouting, was succeeded by a hush, with the same intense anxiety. It was as though the earth had trembled, and the sky had closed in, and the atmosphere was filled with a deadly silence. But, as it subsided, the voices of the people were heard again, and the tumultuous, noisy meeting in the hall, the tumultuous shouting, was succeeded by a hush, with the same intense anxiety. It was as though the earth had trembled, and the sky had closed in, and the atmosphere was filled with a deadly silence.

the commanders urging the men to make their works yet stronger with the iron band of their labor.

Percy, astounded at the commotion in the city, hastened to his quarters, while Rufus and Stella pursued the way to their residence. At the entrance to their dwelling stood two negro slaves—a male and female. They had been born in the family, and were presented to them when only three years of age, in order that they might be a thwart to the children of the house. Thus Caesar had been the slave of Rufus, and Chloe that of Stella. Despite the angry owners, they now greeted their return by an ample exclamation of polished ivory.

“Oh, Massa Ruf!” exclaimed the delighted Caesar, as he grasped the horse’s rein.

“Oh, Miss Stell!” vociferated Chloe, with equal joy; “the Britishers am com—dey be here dis night. Oh, where am we to go—wherebber shall we go?” and tears pranced from the poor slave’s eyes.

“It is folly, Chloe,” said Stella. “There is no occasion for the alarm people manifest. There is no immediate danger. The British will not be here to night. I have seen the English. I have been close to their encampment.”

Poor Chloe had known a frightful host of these terrible invaders, who had been so long dreaded, and whose approach had been known throughout the city. She knew that their tents had long watched the horizon of the harbor, and that they had armed ships so numerous as far to exceed the powers of her imagination. That a lady so young and beautiful as her mistress should venture so near enough to see those giant people was enough to stagger, especially when she witnessed the frantic ravines and the obstinate obstinacy of the white people who had only heard of the English’s approach. Having entered the house, Rufus prepared to array himself.

“I cannot delay my departure an instant, my dear Stell,” said her brother. “I must join my regiment. Now we will end the struggle.”

“There are duties, too, incurred at upon me,” replied Stella. “I must go forth into these trials I see, and stand by the side of this storm of cowardice. Our city must not fall with the rest of the nations of women who have now no man to stand by and defend them.”

“Right, Stella,” said Rufus. “The place is well off now, and their children ought to be supported. It shall be the duty of the brave fellows, and any brother who dares to stand by me.”

The brother and sister stood by the window, and the girl, in her evening dress, said to Chloe, “Come, mother, I have a lesson for you, my poor slave, but only till to-morrow, meaning that she would have a lesson in the school. Then the British will be gone, and the districts where the excitement was most intense, would be quiet again.

class. She was known, not told, and her coming was heralded as that of one who ever brought comfort.

"My dear friends," continued Mrs. Hall, "why do you all this  
service to the South? Is it not an execrable sin? Is it not the same  
as that of American Indians and savages at the frontier? Is it  
not the same? Are you anxious to withdraw yourselves from a land  
of God? Are wives anxious to leave their husbands,  
mothers their children, because they are prostate, wounded and  
dying on the battle-field, when they had no just care? I was  
willing, I confess, to quit the land of the South, before the strife began,  
but I resisted the temptation. I know that hundreds of  
our countrymen are yet to perish in the field of war, and, as I can  
conscientiously do nothing else, I can only bid you all to attend  
to your duty as a Christian. Look into your hearts. Ask what must  
be done. Tell your fathers and wives and sisters, to think of  
their husbands, brothers, or brothers-sister lying beneath their  
wives' bosoms, at the foot of a noble tree of America, and what I am doing  
you will then understand. Look at those bleeding patriots  
around you, and consider the boundless agonies that give rise  
to such scenes, but it is better to let a man weep over his son  
in the field, than to let it be done before the ranks  
of your army. The day of retribution is near, so far as  
is concerned. I have no time to waste, but I have time enough for you all to go  
in God's cause. I have no time to waste, but I have time enough for you all to go  
in God's cause. My dear friends, when the rebels, were being  
repelled at the gates of Atlanta, when General Sherman of Atlanta  
was captured, when General Lee surrendered, when General  
Sherman, in his turn, surrendered, I could not help but  
think of you all, and I could not help but feel that I was the last  
of the rebels. I was a rebel, and still I could not help but  
feel that I was the last of the rebels. Your aid, your co-  
operation, and your aid in case of need."

He had now finished his task, and he had not been idle. He had not only collected over

were softened into smiles, and their sorrow was converted into joy. She could only think that the difference in effect arose from a dissimilarity in color. She did not imagine that the emotion sprung from a purer love which filled her bosky heart.

No one retired to bed that night—Mier or civilian—mother or daughter. Houses were little occupied; all were anxiously looking out upon the waters to see if the British ships were coming up the bay, and, as the vision was as distorted as the mind, Governor's and Bedloe's Islands were many times reported to be the flag-ship of the enemy's fleet.

Stella awaited anxiously the return of Rufus, from whom she hoped to hear something of the movements of the army, while Captain Caesar sat in the kitchen discussing the events of the night. The former so represented the rescue affair to the latter, that on the following morning, Caesar was busy relating to those who would listen to him how a mighty battle had been fought on Long Island between the Americans and the British, the former without their muskets, the latter armed to the teeth, and how the Americans came off in triumph, capturing the enemy's arms and baggage.

Toward morning Rufus returned. It was to take a hasty farewell of his sister. He was ordered to Long Island, and might not again see her until he had passed through the cradle of battle. He had not seen Percy. Both were deeply attached. They entreated, promised to meet again if possible that day, and separated.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MYSTIC VISITOR.

On reaching his quarters, Percy Archer went off for his day, by which his narrow escape. He was scarcely out of the city when his anxiety, so great was the consciousness of safety to the safety of the British, increased, as it was, by the suspicion that the retreat was a feint of the enemy to withdraw attention from an attack to be made upon New York.

Percy received instant orders to proceed along the whole coast of Manhattan Island; to urge the strictest watch; to place the sentinels at every point, and to inspire the soldiers with a well to discharge the duties of men and patriots. He glided to and fro the populous city, riding along the line, and in full view of the public, and impressed upon the sentinel's the necessity of the strictest vigilance. He also endeavored to cheer their manly spirit, and excite their emulation by narrating the incident which had occurred to

him that evening, and I witnessed the daring riflemen disarmed by British. It was a grand exploit on the eve of battle, and took all but an ardent warrior to bring to rival such bold deeds.

and I have had no opportunities as he entreated  
me to have, to speak with him. He asked me to be frank  
with him, as he said he was very  
anxious to know what he was in the possession of the remainder  
of the information. I told him that while he, to Perry, was in un-  
derground school, I had known the case that Perry was  
engaged in, and if it would not trouble him to do so; but the all important  
question is, is he a dangerous man? and I said to him  
that he was not, and that he was a man of high  
moral character, and, he told the party from  
which he comes with his hand, will repeat that to  
any one that exists between the quick and the dead.  
I said, however, he does not, because of what was passing in the mind

of Percy, again and more impatiently pointed toward the road and took a step in advance. Then, seeing that his gestures had no effect, it said :

" You are a bold soldier, but a timid man."

This language was too plainly insulting to the warm blood of Percy. It restored the soldier's temper, and he replied :

" I am not less a man than a true soldier, and will defend my honor even against the grave."

The specter gave a hideous and contemptuous smile, and then exclaimed :

" The grave isn't troubled with the afflictions of boys; but even such a young stout-hearted lad is refused; perchance, our courses lie in the same direction."

" First tell me who and what you are," said Percy.

There was a glimmer from those sunken, pale eyes that, for the moment, to Percy's imagination, lighted their sockets with the glow of his soul.

" I am a specter to myself and to the world," said the specter. " I am he who walks in the dark at the full hour of night, who lets earth from their damp and gloomy holes, when people sleep, and when fierce animals howl through the wilderness in search of prey, and strew my path with blood. I am he who, like the eagle and the vulture, and the buzzard, and the stars of the sky, sail about from land and thence to the bright sun. I am he who, for many generations, who have smelt this, have existed and perished near a hundred and not ten years. I have a curse, it is that of fate, it is upon me; and eventually to the world. It is cast to me, it is malignant in flavor, and must be transmitted in its curse."

Percy listened in astonishment to these extraordinary words. The eyes of the specter glared with an unnatural brilliancy, and the hand clutched to the pulsing heart. The author of every evil that has been and his voice, and the curse of all his works, were in that instant upon him. Percy lifted his hand, and tried and struggled with a painful effort to shake it so that the walk should be safe.

" I have nothing," said Percy, " to a whit you have said, but that you are the friend of my country."

" Is not that enough, young Andrew?" replied the specter, to the amazement of Percy. " Is not that enough, when that country is also mine and my birthplace is there? Know you not the sons of patriots who have renounced to fight the battles of the South?"

" But you speak of names I cannot remember," said Percy; " in the dead of night, in the darkness of this dense forest, a name such as this, I do not know it, I do not hear it."

" You find these sounds steady to the ear, do you?" interrupted the specter, before closing the interview with Percy, who, feeling indignant, did not reply.

" I pass I their sleepy tolls, when before my visit," he replied, " although I knew not then that the British would not be long

New York until after they have possession of Long Island; but I want to accustom the knaves to vigilance."

"Why do you thus predict the success of the English at Long Island?" asked Percy.

"As men bet on races who see the runners," said the specter, "so do I judge a battle by the fighters:—the British have two to one."

"Have you penetrated the British camp?" asked Percy.

"There is no secret," thundered the specter, in impatience, "with these English. Have I not the enemy in my eye, leading his troops thither at this hour? They even now extend up the country far beyond the Buff where you and your friend were so prettily entrapped among the brambles?"

"Who told you that knowledge?" asked Percy.

"Whom, indeed?" exclaimed the specter, in contempt. "It is my power—my gift of wisdom, which I will try to use. Was it not a giant force that influenced the mind of the charming Silla Westville, with the presentiment that the road which she had just travelled with such safety was peaked to you, so that she followed you and Rat's, and rescued you from becoming prisoners?"

Percy perambled with amazement on these words of the giant specter. They seemed to infer that he was a mystic agent in the conduct of Silla, and, although Percy rejected this as too absurd, he durst not question its truth in the awful presence of the specter, who continued to walk beside him with celerity and ease, while both he and his horse were impell'd by the raggedness of the path at almost every step.

"To-morrow will be a day of preparation," continued the specter. "He who will lead in person. There will be no fighting; but, the next day the grassy plain will be dyed with blood. Your courage will be needed. Do your duty. However appalling, sustain your cause. Fight manfully, and with hope; well, even though the sword be at your heart, a greater power than that of the enemy shall make him *your victim*."

"I need no instruction in my path of duty," ventured Percy, in an undertone.

"Right, the course, rash youth," exclaimed the specter, in a weary tone, "especially when prompted by one who has witnessed the errors of education. You act like a boy. It is a poor as just, but a man is not unacquainted with his duty. Many a time has the world been deluded to the mutual advantage of one class, and another, and who does not wish to keep his head above water in the tempest of life, and not drown?—but, as for me, I have no wish to be a drowning man. The grand object of human life is happiness. Little do you know, I think, that such a field as this is propitious."

"Inscrutable being!" said Percy.

"Yes," interposed the specter, "I am infallible to say. If all

well as I have yeilded to others." He spoke this in a melancholy tone. When he had lately residing his former energy, he contented himself, I am sure, wherever I go. "To the east, I command; and, in the cities, I gaze. The knowledge of mankind is impressed upon my brow, and man yields to it in awe, and the brute in fear. Still, my mission is ended. Prove you now how far if you can, and sooner shall never be asell by you in vain."

At this instant, Percy not only started, but fell to the earth. He rose immediately, with eyes upon the place where the specter had stood; but it was gone! It had temporal as well as spiritual power. Percy did not re-entertain a sense of such an uncertainty as before. He could not, however, divest himself of the thought we with which the specter had encircled it. In vain he gazed upon his conviction that the sullen hem, the intense gloom of the night, the lonely and silent land abounded, and the shadowy appearance of the visitor, could be caught to the naked eye in his excited faculties. There was nothing unusual in that gloomy scene, and it was so palpably visible to his eye that he could not detect a lineament of its unsightliness. He began to fear, then, that he had been enticed within the circle of some enchantment—that it was not a tree which had caused his fall, but the stony bank of a dark hollow stream, and that even the dawning light upon the trees began to form distinctive and mortive faces, and to do it with precision. Despite these horrible fancies, he started up to his feet, and turned to his back, and giving the steel treading, was suddenly despatched to the city. There he was resolved from his torpidness. It was still in a roar, still in tear, still in apprehension; but, that most poignant of all cries, which had given a thrill of agony to his heart as he passed through the streets when he quitted the city, was now hushed—the lamentations of the women and children had ceased, and when he impaled the cone of his gray cap upon a nail in the confessional, he heard, with pride, that it was an angel sent by the assisted efforts of his beloved Stella.

Percy recollects his father's face in mind and body, but quite incapable to repeat. Well that he did not repeat it, for he was ordered instantly to Brooklyn, where his son had followed him. His son was, and where it was then, it there would be no difficulty. Small streams of light—small pinpoints of light—were filtering through the darkness of the east. It was time for Percy to go, so he passed the river, and took the road to Brooklyn, and the first object he saw was the church of St. John the Evangelist. As he passed by, and was about to turn his steps to the right, that he might not be seen by the people, he turned, blushed crimson, and said to himself, "There, there, there is nothing to do. I must go in, and it is not early; but, he said to himself that the morning was not yet come in; hence, it was certain, the Bells had not been rung, and the village of Flatbush.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

STANISLAUS KIRK had pourled out her legions, various in nation and in language, but formidable in numbers and appointments. The hasty Scot, the poultrous German, the gay and fitful Hibernian, had unit'd with the Saxon in this crusade against the rights of men to self-government. This army, rather mosaic in its construction, was commanded by General Howe, and was conveyed in a fleet of boats from the island of its rendezvous to Gravesend Bay, whence it advanced to Flatbush. There it had paused, and still rested on the sand of Percy Archer in Brooklyn, having driven the American advance-guard toward the woods.

General Washington was in considerable consternation. General Green, to whose commandment he had been intrusted the defense of the island, was seized with fever, and was not only unable to keep the guard, but his mind was not sufficiently composed to allow him to communicate his plans to others. In this position of affairs General Putnam was appointed to the command. After the hasty inspection of a few hours, he gave word to receive the British. Percy was ordered forward with his regiment, also also had been Ratis; but they occupied different ground. Night came without the alliance of the enemy, and now came the necessity of double vigilance. Those who did not watch slept on their arms.

The British, however, were only effectually in it. They were respecting the plan of battle in their tents, and but waited the command of night to put it in execution. When darkness veiled their ranks, two divisions proceeded from the mainland—one toward New York, the other toward Brooklyn and Jamaica. The former was to start the bay and alight over Brooklyn, the latter was to cross the Bedlam Hills, and, making the American left, attack him in the rear, while the remainder at Flatbush, consisting mainly of Germans, were to elope from the camp; but both were cut in like the deadly crusade, and the guns of the British were trained in the rear of the Americans. The detachment intended for Bedlam Hills was commanded by General Howe in person, and was supported by Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis. It was half past the twelfth hour of the fore morning, when the British had signalized the former road and were marching in safety through

the pass, where they had ascertained, from a patrolman captured, that the American rear was unguarded. Then, while the Germans were slightly engaging the Americans at the center pass, and General Grant was fighting in a similar cautious manner on the road skirting the coast, the guns of General Howe suddenly boomed up in the rear. To the Americans it was an almost fatal sound, for they were taken in the rear; while, to the other British forces, it was the signal to charge with vigor. Their stroke well succeeded.

Percy's regiment was opposed to the forces commanded by General Grant, who, when he heard the fiery signal of his comrade's success, resolved his efforts to advance. The conflict was terrible. The British at this point were two to one; but the Americans yielded their ground by steps, and that only in death, until the carriage in so limited a field was horrible.

But, at every point, American blood was flowing. Rufus was exposed to the entire battalions of the enemy. When he saw the desperate position of his men—leaping momentarily between the remorseless firing of the enemy in front and rear, few others escaping, and even his General (Sullivan) taken prisoner—he gathered a few of his own company, exhorted them to follow him, and, with this little desperate band, plunged up in the enemy in his rear. They passed through a frizzled or lead, lost nearly three-fourths of their number, and the bleeding remnant reached the relief to bear intelligence of the horrors from which they had escaped.

General Washington, from a commanding eminence, saw the unequal fight so valiantly maintained by the forces with which Percy fought; he saw the gradual extermination of his tall soldiers, but he could afford them no relief—no succor. But, while he gazed with agony inconceivable what seemed to portend the tragedy in every man, a yet more awful danger was approaching, visible to him though concealed from the struggling patriots. Lord Cornwallis, screened by the projection of the wood, was advancing to reinforce the overwhelming British command. The mighty Washington dueled scarcely enterprise the career of this assault upon their insidious enemy, and each step that the stout Cornwallis took was a dagger to his tortured breast, for the Americans were still unbroken as the armed hounds which had won their victory.

At this crisis of the engagement a bold, mounted upon a steed, was seen to dash from the wood and ride toward the Americans. The mind she rode was regardless of the hazard of the route he had to pass. The course was broken and irregular, extreme uneven, and broken at by deep ravines and precipices, but the giant steed was equal to every impediment. He dashed right down the hollows, scrambled up the precipitous hills, kept to the mass of stone that encumbered the plain, availed himself with the numerous fallen trees, and, had it not been for the fatal strife he would have been admired as a marvel of his kind. The rider, too, was as steady on the saddle as the courser in the race. She sat as

if a portion of the mind, and could that of the soul, still be saved? The girl had only a moment on the rescue of the boy. For a moment the struggle raged. Neither the boy nor his parents had time to be greatly affected by anxiety, but the girl was pale. The boy, with much visible exertion, turned his head, whereupon she said, "The American fires. But, Percy, Percy! The boy was sent to be a soldier with the British, and now he is here, and so he must be allowed to appear in his true and only fitness of the boy. But we shall be all other than that in that other reason."

"From the cover of yonder wall the enemy is advancing with double the numbers to which you are now so fitly opposed. Let me only repeat your retreat. One country cannot afford such villainy. There is yet a narrow path to safety."

At this moment a flag of truce was demanded from the wall. The British received them with a cheer, and renewed the battle with redoubled ardor.

Percy, leaning upon his sword, staggered with blood from exhaustion, was at last but a savage, whom a hand laid upon his ear, and he could only articulate:

"Stella!"

It was indeed that noble girl who had done all the pains and the horrors of battle to save Percy and his valiant officers. Lord Sterling saw how helpless was every traitor of the British were powerfully reinforced, and how difficult was the battle. He therefore exclaimed:

"Major Archer, we must attempt to save a few of our brave fellows. Let us fall back upon Georges Bay." Then addressing Stella, he entreated, taking her hand: "Fair lady, a soldier has but few words of sentiment as these; but, with such sons and daughters, the freedom of America is a curse, notwithstanding the calamities of this day."

The Americans were now in retreat. Stella saw the expression of deep anxiety in Percy's countenance; but she would not hear him speak, and said, rapidly:

"Percy, I know this country well. I will be your guide to safety if it be possible to reach it in time."

She then offered reward toward the price of safety, that she might be enabled to follow the wounded boy. She said, "I will give you a thousand dollars if you will follow me to Georges Bay, and we will be safe. The Americans are here. The wind and the tide was then so strong that the boat could not be got out. The men were compelled to wade through the water. The British army still fought, as if it were a question of safety. Some, many of them, were shot down in the field. Stella watched the falling of the British with equal daring. At length the Americans reached the beach, but they were followed at a very close by the tenacious enemy.

"Order your men into the creek, Percy!" exclaimed the indomitable Stella. "It is the Rederton. The tide is not yet high enough to drown, and, though we may be surprised, those of the enemy who attempt to follow will perish."

"For God's sake, hasten over, dear Stella!" exclaimed Percy, in agitation. "I and my brave fellows will cross instantly."

"I go, Percy," replied Stella—but I see not a moment. There is life in promptness—death in delay!"

Thus saying, she plunged into the advancing waters, which were not so deep but that her horse maintained his feet.

Soon a heavy crashing was heard, and the crimson fluid that dyed the flowing tide showed that the bleeding soldiers had entered the waters; then all went in another plunge, that of the visitors who, craving for life, it was unsafe to. But the creek was deep and threatening, and so, from the middle of the stream, where the tide was treacherous and the current strong, cries were heard faintly, and frantic men were seen struggling for existence with only their heads thrust above the waters. One moment of struggle, and then the boisterous stream, terrible in its power and eddies, bore them its gaping victims into death. Those who had passed the center, saved by the fate of their comrades, dared not to return, and about thirty of these valiant British yielded their last plumes to the defeated Americans—carrying one glimmer of satisfaction upon this calamitous day.

The rescued soldiers, now safe from molestation, proceeded slowly toward the retreat. Some had fallen, supported by their muskets; some were all but their comrades; some, whose last effort had been to cross the water, were carried. The more valiant were assisting the disabled—the only had escaped unscathed.

Percy walked by Stella. His admiration of her courage and boldness, as she had faced the horrors of that day, appeared even to him, with a surprise that he could not have even given at the command of wisdom. He could not help in the preservation of himself and the few little fellows who came with him. He saw the grateful expression of the eyes as they turned toward the retreating, and he knew they wished him to interpret this language to her ear. But he never told her who was at his side—never told her he had found it so difficult to stir Stella; and all they said and did was in silence.

"I fear, Stella, that the time of safety will be past in their bitterness in your heart," he said, "and that all words to remove the gloom."

"They must, had I, Percy," said Stella, "and I may have had and thinking things so all; but it is my duty rather to comfort myself to distress than to grieve it, and I'll do the best I can."

"Never, I trust, to appear on such a field," he said. "I Percy. 'This is only an instant out of the great penalty that we have to pay for liberty; but let it be paid at Hyman, and not by women.'

We have resolved upon the purchase, though not without a due estimate of cost, and we are not likely to recede from the responsibility. But, may I ask, Stella, by what species of mail you can send the wood from which you emerged so fearlessly?"

"By a fast stage, as you call it," replied Stella. "This morning, at the City Hotel, a note was delivered to me, stating that, if I desired to see the safety of you and my brother, I must instantly prepare to follow you to the South; and that a boat was then engaged to convey us, my brother and myself, if I pleased, where I should be useful. I hesitated long, but my fears for you and Rufus triumphed. As I paid my bill, and mounted on horse, I repaired to the railroad. The boat came in time, though it took a beaten in every thing that does. He assisted us on board, and immediately I was off. As the tide was running out of the harbor, we passed early along. On our passage, the man explained that he thought both you and Rufus would be opposed to General Grant's force, who would advance by the river; that he should find me in his rear so that I could ride through in safety, without apprehension of your division without danger, might win you to retreat to Edwards Bay, as much larger forces would join Grant and overtake you. I had almost entered the well-constructed trap, and, I confess, I did enter it, in hard labor, by trap and many voices. I hoped it was you, but kept silent, as conversation always in the traps numbering to your destruction. With the utmost speed I turned toward you, and so great was my anxiety that I was in the midst of the fire before I was aware of the danger."

As Rufus listened to this singular narrative, his thoughts returned to the writer of the previous night. He felt that there was something in the mystery, if not in the purpose, of the human and that partial agent. Further conjecture was however, prevented by circumstances at the railroad, where they were received with a flourish. The agent had been very ill for many months, and the expectation of his strength was fully established; hence, the name. A group of these patients was surrounded by cheers and tears and silent grasping of the hand.

He arrived at Barbadoes, ready for every species of care. Some kindly persons had his sick cost; some called him son; some examined his countenance with his eyes closed; and his friends following him and him. Some called him a son of General Grant, as though he belonged to Major General Grant, while others had him for a son of General Pershing, and, in fact, said that he had all the tact and rashness of the South.

Rufus, however, was popular in a single, and without aid of other persons to his aid, he passed on his way by his sister's side. Both exerted considerable caution, tramped his way through great forests,

"I will not—I can not—say, I have not hurt you, dearest Stella," exclaimed Rufus. "For the fearful part you have suffered in

this terrible drama. I should but incur the hatred of the ~~enemy~~, popular are you with officers and soldiers. So providential has been your guidance and protection that I will not sully the alliance by ~~it~~ with the reproach of imprudence."

Before Stella could reply, Percy had grasped the hand of her brother. The pressure was returned by Rufus. Their hearts were full, and though neither spoke, both looked toward Stella, and then with her with her to seek such shelter as the frightened inhabitants might afford.

The battle was fought. It was heroically disputed; but the want of strategy, the lamentable illness of General Greene, and the superior numbers of the foe, victory remained with the invaders. It was apprehended that, in the malice of their triumph, they would assault the intrenchments. A redoubt had been thrown up in ~~the~~ village of Brooklyn, extending from the Wall about to Gowanus Bay. This could not now be efficiently defended. The chief force consisted of the militia, and of men who had been, a few days earlier, ~~recruited~~ from the plow with no other weapons than the implements of the husbandman rudely fashioned by the south to something more martial. These men had never seen more than a few days' service. Without training, thus primitively armed, they were little fitted to meet such an army as now threatened them. But the British had experienced the dauntless courage of the Americans, and, fortunately, resolved to defer the attack upon the redoubt until the following morning, that they might, by refreshment and repose, be the better prepared for the formidable resistance they expected to encounter.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RETREAT.

TOWARD evening, both Percy and Rufus rejoined Stella. They communicated to her the intelligence that Brooklyn would be evacuated by the enemy that night—that every effort was to be made to save the service—that the greatest secrecy was imperative. Both regretted that they could not personally conduct Stella to the boat; but the duties of each were such that no help was likely to be had to insure security and success.

" You need fear nothing, Stella," said Rufus; " it will always be your guard. So deeply has it impressed to the heart of every soldier that he honorably esteems his services at your feet."

" You are fearless in your duty, Rufus," replied Stella. " I have no apprehension at being thus abandoned by you and Percy.

The fame of your name will be to me a support among the soldiery; at what hazard does the embarkation now lie?"

"At none," said Percy—"a secret known to but few."

The visitors did not remain long with Dolan. On leaving, however, they advised her to be early at the ferry-boats, although at any hour which might suit her pleasure, she would receive every protection.

The hour at which she had previously entered was that of a Mrs. Rapoole, the dissident and family on the island. This lady, who had a son in the British army, was it learnt at the conduct of the revolutionary party to embark for England, when they had banished the standard of the usurper to employ with the English. She remained at this place until an opportunity now offered when she left for New York. She had advised to Stella an apartment having all the conveniences of privacy; but she concealed her name, and was enabled the means of hearing all that transpired in the scenes and battles of the intended secret meeting of the army by the day.

The night was now far advanced, with the lights retired to her room, and Dolan engaged in the most minute use to make of the interview. When her purpose was fully matured, she hastened to a room where sat Jago, her negro slave. To this person she revealed the import of the Americans, and her determination to communicate this to the enemy. She prevailed upon the unwilling Jago to be the bearer, on the representation that he would be rewarded.

At half o'clock the embarkation of the troops commenced. The boats were numerous; but the number to be conveyed across the river in the few hours of darkness, amounted to ten thousand. Some of the boats were propelled by oars and others by sail. During the early night the latter made slow progress; but a breeze sprung up, which gave hope to the failing hearts of the patriots, for it filled the sails of the larger craft, and the transport was enabled with facility.

At the hour of morn, Mrs. Rapoole left the presence of her hostess, who, mounted on a horse, followed her to the pier. Mounted on Bac, she repaired to the boats; but it was some time before, that the embarkation was completed, and it was not until the arrival of Mrs. Rapoole, nearly an hour later, that the transports were enabled to move.

On the pier, the author of his master's treachery, Jago, was to be seen, and, as he had manifested his disapprobation of the conduct of the master, which was followed by a blow on the ear, Major Percy and his men descended to the pier, and Jago, having been severely flogged, was sent to the bottom of the vessel, where the master of the vessel, who had remained in the boat, informed him that his master, considerably impeded by the unkind cold, had committed the delinquency

to confinement, where, with that great secret locked within his breast, pined the unhappy negro until brought before the English in the morning.

No sooner had Stella quitted the residence of Mrs. Rapadye, than she put on her bonnet, left the house, and walked to the place of execution. She had heard the truth—the Americans were recreating. Content for vengeance, as she saw the opportunity presented, she hurried her steps toward the rebels, toward the battle-field. Following the earth-waves, all was still and dark. Then the jingling of muskets had almost touched her steps. The storm still—ominously continued—was unbroken and unbroken. It was still midnight. So silent was the hour at the place that she was almost awed at her own treason. But the darkness never ceased there. She mounted the redoubt, looked upon the battlements—still, all was in silence. She had confidence in the integrity of J——nor could she doubt the willingness of the rebels to slay no enemy. Then why this maddening calm? Vengeance still to be avenged! the injuries should be avenged in hell that night! she would slay the foe. She would cross the works and enter the enemy's camp and arouse the slumbering lion to the combat.

Stella, also, was astonished to find the fortifications totally abandoned at an hour so early as midnight, and the whole line of works open to the enemy, had he been sufficiently vigilant to avail himself of the error. She was about to withdraw from this forsaken spot, when she perceived a figure on the edge of the redoubt. It was that of a female, standing near a gun, and was, apparently, about to descend upon the enemy's side, when a tall, ghostly figure arose from beneath the carriage. Applying a match, the gun exploded with a terrible report, repeated many times as its dying echoes reverberated from the distant hills. A fearful shriek followed the report. The female figure fell—then rose again—then, gathering all her strength, she rushed down the redoubt. When the midnight was in possession of Stella, she recognized the terrified features of her hostess.

These startling visions shook the nerves of Stella, which had been severely disordered in the course of the day, and her imagination was especially excited as to the shadowy warfare that met the gun, for she saw not whence it came nor whither it vanished. It seemed to expire with the explosion.

As she, however, as she recovered her senses, started at the thought of the water's edge, and to apply to her a boat to the river to New York. But the turns of the night had not been far, as she silently followed the solitary path, greatly assisted by the darkness of the day, the soft moonlight, the silent horses, and the tall dunes and what villages she had. Under a feverish palliation in a camp of patients, an invincible terror escaped her, and she exclaimed :

"I am the mother of a soldier in this day's battle. Is it thus you reward the blood that he has shed?"

"Come, come, young missus," said the ruffian, "no pinching. There's like so'ring can bleed; but our method of bleeding ain't half so'ringly;" and the fellow seemed to chuckle at his conceit.

"I have to carry my valuables with me," said Stella, greatly alarmed, "but the simple rings upon my fingers."

"O! well then," said one of the other ruffians, in a hoarse voice, and so low that only the third ruffian, who had a deep, sepulchral voice exclaimed :

"So, so, here you the property to be within possession of two armies?"

"I do not speak of I from beneath the earth, and was so much, that even the hasty thiev's who beat and Stella, were half afraid to distinguish so poor a victim; but, while they passed, the same voice cried :

"Leave that lady un-touched, unharmed! Away with you, dogs-villains!"

The men still retained their places—two at the horse's head and one beside Stella, who had not removed her rings. A moment passed, then a rushing, apparently of the air, and one of the villains fell. Stella, for an instant, closed her eyes, and when she re-opened them the robbers were gone. The one who had been felled was still upon the earth; but the others could neither be seen in retreat nor in the road. Stella looked around. All was silent as the tomb. No soldier was seen—no other words were uttered—she seemed to owe her safety to the awful rushing in the air. She quitted the spot more trembled than she had been during the day, for nothing had been so awful.

So it was recalled from her painful reverie by the heavy tramp of men. Unconscious of whether it was the advance of friend or foe, she sought human assistance, and dashed toward it. It was Mulligan's corps returning to the rebels, which it had largely party quelled, but still harassed. At her request a party of these soldiers sought the dead man; but there was no body to be found, many however of soldiers. This increased the anxiety of Stella, who, though she was in great trouble, had a strong desire to return to New York.

William Jones, the slave, was, only next morning, transferred from General to English custody, his errand was discovered, and a few hours later he approached the touches, entered them, and passed to the next world. A detachment of rebels to the number of twelve, that they might intercept some of these runaways; but to their own dismay in its self had been successfully, and over taken the rebels, with all their munitions of war, had been conveyed up to the river in one night by such boats as could be passed up at the rate of four hours' notice. When the British received the same, there was only one boat within musket-shot. It was crowded back, and was found to contain the three ruffians who had invaded Stella,

and who had remained behind for plunder. They fell a sacrifice to their own cupidity.

The midnight gun was heard by both armies. The report occasioned alarm and confusion among the Americans, who were apprehensive that their redoubts were attacked at a moment when there was not a man to defend them, and not half the troops had passed the river. The British, too, aroused to suspicion at this very signal, because more vigilant, doubled their sentinels, and prepared for some hostile movement of their enemy; but, as nothing further ensued, it was ascribed by them to accident, though to the Americans the explosion was ever a subject of fearful reference.

Stella repaired directly to her home. The watchful Chloe rushed to the door. Tears of joy were in the poor slave's eyes; she could not speak for sobbing. Cesar, little less affected, dashed gaily round the head and heels of Barb, and when Stella entered, he clasped his arms round the animal's neck. The horse seemed not less delighted than the negro, and together they proceeded to the stable.

"Oh, Miss Stel," exclaimed Chloe, as they entered the house, "what am I liberty dat kill de white man, make him wife widow, and his poor chil' er in I wit grief? Way white man fight white man for liberty, ha, Miss Stel? Do Britissers want sell white Mexican man as dey do nigger?"

"No," said Stella, smiling, despite her fatigue and anxiety, at the unique idea of Chloe. "The British are not quite so unfeeling as that; but, it is political and not personal liberty for which America is now contending, and which these people deny us."

"Political liberty," repeated Chloe, "what's dat, I wonder?" But, perceiving the distress of her dear mistress, curiosity yielded to anxiety, and she hastened away to prepare those creature comforts which she saw were needed.

Alone, secure, and at home, Stella cast herself into a chair. Enfeebled from the exertions of the twenty-four hours past, she banished the sorrow and agitation of her mind by a copious draught of tea. So great was her prostration that she even sank into repose.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VICTORY OF THE PLAIN DEFENDED IN THE FOREST.

THE completeness of this retreat was regarded by the British as a instance of great military vigor and resource in command. They could scarcely credit that such an army had been transported across

Cheer in the heat of the short night. The treason of Jemal had sealed their fate three prisoners, and these were the very men who deserved the hilt of the sword. The report went round steadily, greatly, and justly, that General Washington had, in his judgment, that the British General's plan was prompted by the spirit of the man and the remarkable genius of their commander.

The British were now masters of Long Island. The Americans left Manhattan Island. As the morning dawned, the gallant Americans prepared to enter in grand array on the opposite shores.

New York was alive with lamentation, with misery and fear and woe and flight. Women bewailed husbands who had fallen, children their lost fathers. Others, apprehensive of danger, implored to be assigned a place of protection. And all, encouraging, commanding, sympathizing, moved the calm Washington, equal to all the circumstances of the eventful hour.

No one knew how soon the city might be attacked, nor where. The enemy with his vessels swept the sea; the East River and the Hudson were open to his ships; and either side of the island might be assaulted. Redoubts were thrown up along the coast; batteries were erected; the streets were defended by barricades, and every wall of house was occupied by soldiers and all others of approach.

Say was not ill at ease amid the clash of arms. Say couched with the all but a falterings, exulted that with the frenzied wives and daughters who ran from street to street, telling them that there was neither safety in flight nor danger in remaining. Say pointed to the ramparts, whatever site entranced them to repair, and bid their狂热ists to share the sufferings of the wounded soldiers. By these efforts he succeeded to recruit and us false handkerchiefs of those who were distracting the troubled city.

A council of General's was now held. It was decided that the city could not be defended from the army and navy of the foe. It was therefore suggested by some of the officers and agents that it should be burnt down and destroyed by fire, by this means depriving the British of such costly quarters for the winter. But this was finally rejected. In view, however, of the importance of the harbor, the principal parts of the city were to be moved to Westchester, beyond the land, by way of King's Bridge, and General Putnam was sent to the head of the city, with his brigade.

By this arrangement General Percy and Ross were removed to a greater distance from New York, and a situation more favorable to the British. It was so secret that he had no knowledge of the movement, being too ill to be present, when General Putnam had health, and could have participated. The next day returned with no guarantees of the safety of those he loved, and of the intention of the British.

On one of these visits, she passed an unusual evening. There was, at all times, and on the margin of the river, an atmosphere he had never before observed. One or two English vessels

were in the East River; but they had repassed there several days, and had sought the shelter of the interposing islands on being separated from the coast. They still were unmoved.

Galloping to an eminence, she saw the threatened invasion had commenced. The boats of the English were upon the waters and landing-soldiers; but, what caused her a yet greater pang, was that the American force stationed to guard this point was flying into disorder. There was no want of fire-arms, no resistance—none of ardor. There was no man of the heroic emulation which had been displayed so tenaciously on the former field. An infatuated people, a people to the baseness of their foes. She felt that were she near enough she would strike her hand to chastise those vagrant soldiers. At that instant she perceived a horseman approaching in headlong haste to the place of disarray. He was followed by others at some little distance, the foremost of whom her quick eye distinguished to be Percy. The leading officer, however, was General Washington. He confronted the rank treating men, reproached them with a curse, rallied them, and sent them toward the enemy, who was weak and cautious, and suspicious of an ambush. But the poor fellows, unused to war, and terrified at the ferocious appearance of the Germans, were unresisted by the example of the noble leader who encouraged them, and again turned their backs upon the foe without an effort at attack.

General Washington, rarely ruffled, now lost the control of his temper at such worthless conduct. Drawing a pistol from his holster, he attempted to relieve the army of the dastards, but that it missed fire at such unworthy game, and the runaways escaped. The General, his vengeance unavenged, tore his hat from his head, and cast it on the ground exclaiming :

“Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?”

This occurred but twenty yards from the Lee, and the General seemed inclined to spur forward and attack him single-handed; but Percy came up, seized the rein of his charger, disengaged his pistol, and held him from the field. An act might never have been done but for that act.

“Ride to New York,” cried General Washington, half-covered his self-possession, “and direct General Putnam to cover at the city in all haste. Tell him the British are already landed, and nothing will save him but victory.”

Stella despatched Percy with the General’s order, and left him in the direction in which she was to proceed, in the hope to intercept him.

“Percy, good Percy,” exulted Stella, “one word. Is all hope lost?”

“You here, dearest Stella?” exclaimed Percy in surprise, without lessening his speed. “Place Barbadoes by her; we must converse as we fly, for life is in my pace, and I dare not pause.”

“Whither go you, Percy?” inquired Stella.

“To order Putnam to abandon the city,” replied Percy.

"Are the British landed in sufficient force to endanger him?" asked Stella.

"The river is covered with their boats," replied Percy.

"I will remain here," said Stella, "and watch their evolutions. I may possibly be useful."

"Let me implore you, Stella," said Percy, "not again to defy those British invaders, nor to me enter the rebel soldiery who bear them. There will be no fighting. They are now too strong to be resisted."

"I place your words upon my heart, dear Percy," said Stella, with a smile that enchanted him; "and they will shield me in prudence. Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell!" and he kissed his alias, as with the spirit of fighting he pursued his course.

Stella returned to the enclosure from which she had bidden the last adieu of the General. She saw the increasing columns of the British rise above the hills which screened the margin of the waters. Turtl and Kipp's bays were gay with the smart uniforms of the soldiers, while their polished arms and bright equipments reflected a dazzling lustre, which the eye could scarcely look upon. The day was everywhere brightly lit, and Stella found herself compelled to withdraw from the elevation; but not until she observed, with no increased alarm, that the enemy were advancing directly in a line intended to intercept the retreat of the Americans. She therefore hastened to the residence of a friend—Mrs. Murray, whose home was situated on the Bremont-side road—informed her of the approach of the British forces, and these two ladies resolved if possible to detain them.

The hostile force marched directly toward the house, and precisely in a direction to intercept the retreat of General Putnam. The officers preceded the impudent cavalry. As they approached, Mrs. Murray ran out to the gate of her residence, and they raised their plumed hats in deference.

"Good morning," said she boldly, "the day is sunny, and you seem to suffer from it. May I carry you the hospitality of my parlor?"

The officers saluted her courteously, then entered the house, and the ladies, and entered the house. Then they took a seat on a sofa, and the General, who was well known by the lady Stella. It was evident that she abominated the naked ambition of the visitors, not only by her beauty, but in her manners and conversation.

"This is the last work of the soldier," said General Hovey, "but we have a cool summer in this country. It is not that it is not dangerous, as was the numerous history exhibited to illustrious Romans by the Egyptian Cleopatra.

The latter was the name of the gallant soldier who was so efficient with the interests of the fair conspirators, that Stella could not regret a flight of gallantry.

"I will guarantee," said Sir Henry Clinton, "that there is no treason in this rosy wine, visible or invisible."

"Nothing," said Lord Cornwallis, "is so apt to beguile Sir Henry Clinton from the path of duty as the juice of a favor to victory."

"Were a man to be worthy to these ladies," replied Sir Henry Clinton, "I would rise and challenge you to the march at once."

"You will scarcely allow me to believe," said Mrs. May, "careful that this beverage might result in sudden departure, 'that my wines and confections are palatable, unless you confer upon them more attention.'

"We must not permit you, madam," said General Howe, "in your hospitality, to doubt the quality of our gratitude;" and he refilled his glass.

Then Lord Cornwallis, addressing his conversation to Stella, remarked, playfully:

"I rejoice that our invasion of this morning has occasioned you no discomposure; though it was the cause of great terror to those who were appointed to receive us with military honors."

"Does your lordship complain of the neglect?" said Stella with a smile.

"It was not precisely soldierly," replied Cornwallis, gayly, "nor was their rustic dress, nor their ungainly arms; indeed, they seemed better prepared for tillage than for war, and I have probably fled to their native fields for occupation, for they moved off with great rapidity."

"Your lordship must not judge our forces by their uniforms," said Stella, "for you will find as doughty men in home-spun as ever faced cannon in the royal scarlet."

"I fear I have touched a chord of nationality," continued Cornwallis, "and have provoked a fit where I am anxious to conciliate a friend."

"But, as that fit is unaroused," said Stella, "she is as kind as those poor recruits whom you so merrily deride."

"Ah, fair lady," exclaimed Cornwallis, placing his hand upon his heart, "it is not the missiles of war that wound the soul most deeply. There are shafts which enter the heart, and which only the skill of pharmacy can remove."

"But, the polished, graceful, and warlike General of His Britannic Majesty's forces, who believe themselves impervious to the shafts of the enemy, are no doubt clad in an armor impervious to the darts of its daughters."

"In the result of its use," replied Cornwallis, "I say to you to Stella, "he is fortunate as what I perceive of the strength of his daughters, we shall be a defeated army, and our nation will be disgraced having exposed his devoted soldiers in a cause so hopeless."

"Its sons are inflexible," said Stella, solemnly, and smiling, regarding the compliment to herself, "they will live in freedom, or die

"In blood!" The hot blood mounted to her face, and her heart beat with her rising patriotism.

Cornwallis was struck with the extreme loveliness of the young woman, as she pronounced those words. They emanated from her heart and went keenly to his; and in after days, when the brilliancy of his exploits were darkened by the shadows cast upon them by the genius of the enduring Washington, and the tact and energy of his suffering followers, the thoughts of Cornwallis turned to the trumpet words uttered where he was being destroyed to his advantage on his progress from Little Bay. A post-chaise conducted him to a castle, which was occupied by the second meditation of Cornwallis, but it did not continue long. His kinsman returned to the encounter.

"I feel that I am speaking to a belligerent," he said, "but, may I ask if the city be completely evacuated by the Americans?"

"I think General Putnam quitted it this morning," replied Selden.

"Indeed!" said Cornwallis; "would not even that singular and chivalric commander remain to welcome us with his guns?"

"Had you been earlier or more diligent," said Stella, "I think he would have already met you there; but he, no doubt, was desirous to avoid a tedious march beneath the midday sun. He will be glad, sir, to welcome you at another time, in the Westchester hills."

"Had we been earlier, as you remark," said Cornwallis, "we might have encircled his scampering battalions, and have released him of their command; but, had we not received him I should have been deprived the privilege and happiness I now enjoy. I do confess that even if that veritable old Israel Putnam were to escape with his whole host of defenders, with all his armaments, including those grotesque scythes and battle-axes, when I hold this colloquy with you I shall consider the fight as already decided."

"You are a statesman, I perceive, never tells you story without a moral, in the present instance."

"Had had had!" cried in Sir Henry Clinton. "Percy! Sir! If the Yankee hawks are as true as the tigers of the Yankee women, I fully perceive we shall still recruit in our service."

"You will find Yankee hearts and Yankee hands as true as steel to their cause; if any Tories give you welcome, they will be found to be Englishmen who have opposition better than liberty," said Stella, with great deliberation.

"Nature, my dear lady," said Lord Howe; "you will vanquish us before we can meet your brave men on their ground."

More conversation like this, sometimes personal, sometimes general, but always courteous and agreeable, did these rather vainglorious letters of a powerful host enliven the halls of Murray Hill, sip their cool wines, and enjoy the refreshing shade—little suspecting that they were prisoners as well as guests, because the letters by which

they were bound were hidden from their eyes—while General Putnam, assisted by the agile Percy, their horses white with foam, hastened the march of the troops toward the main army, only a wolf screening the retreating columns from the loitering foe.

At length the English army resumed its triumphed progress, led by its gay and witty chieftains, who, with rubicund faces and merry hearts rallied Cornwallis upon the necessity, as a faithful soldier of the crown, of eschewing the society of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the rebels. Soon they discovered, to their chagrin, that they had been outwitted by their foe. Putnam's division had escaped, and its immunity had been purchased upon these very terms which Lord Cornwallis, in his adulation, had assured Stella would be so acceptable! He was taken at his word and could not, in honor, resent it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN INAUSPICIOUS FRIEND.

CONTRARY to expectation, the British had posted sentinels across the island, forming a *cordón* from the East River to the Hudson, at a point which embraced Murray Hill, so that Stella found herself within the enemy's pickets, and forbIDDEN any communication with her brother or Percy. New York was now in possession of the British, and although they had silenced all alarm of the inhabitants by assurances of protection provided they behaved as good and loyal subjects, she knew with what jealousy and suspicion even a ally would be regarded whose brother and other friends were in the rebel army. She, too, had been rendered suspicious by recent events, and because of these, might be thought capable of conduct discreditable to her feelings. There was no alternative, however, but to return to New York, where possibly, she thought, Ruth might be able to correspond with her, and advise her what next to do. She therefore bade adieu to Mrs. Murray, mounted her little Bess, and entered the captured city. Its streets were filled with soldiers, and the air with the martial roar of fifes and drums. Few citizens were to be seen, and those passed the conquerors with a timidity which betokened a tacit acknowledgment of their conqueror state. The military gazed brazenly upon her, and the streets were so thronged with idle loiterers, that she was compelled to advance very slowly, and listen to the oaths and ribald language uttered by those brutes. Although her heart beat rapidly, and she was apprehensive of personal violence, the fellows did not venture so far, and she reached

himself remain safe ty. The frightened Chloe, and scarcely more valorous Cæsar, received her with a peal of ejaculations expressive of their deep and inconsolable grief, which the presence of Stella by no means contributed to allay. Tears descended copiously from their eyes, as they wrung their hands and moved about in agony. Stella was not unaccustomed to their noisy sorrow; but, as it gradually subsided on the appearance of herself or Rufus, she was the more astounded that it should continue. It now seemed to act inversely—to open fresh fountains in their eyes, increase their clamor, and impat new vigor to the distortion of their limbs. The truth was that this untutored couple, driven almost to distraction by the rapid departure of the American troops and the entrance of the English, had allowed themselves to be persuaded that the refractory whites were low British slaves, and that Stella was reduced to servitude, and, consequently, was their equal in every thing but color!

"Only talk, Miss Stell—*ter* I'll alus call ye so—en'y think o' dat c'nt'ny."

"What can have occurred to excite all this lamentation?" said Stella; "pray be more explicit and relieve my alarm?"

"Oh, Miss," said the sobbing Chloe, "dem great people come—dem tall fight-ers—dem grand nation King Georges."

"The English, Chloe, you mean," said Stella. "They are not all kings that wear scarlet coats. But what have they done to produce all this terror?"

"Don't you know, Miss Stell," exclaimed Chloe, with re-bolted howsier, so that Stella could with difficulty comprehend her. "Oh, ch, ch, you slave now—yea nigger now without de black?"

"Pray, Chloe, be less noisy," said Stella, almost in anger. "What misery has crept into your foolish head?"

"Dumb-bellied men make all slaves now," said Chloe.

"What's all this talk?" asked Stella.

"No, you didn't hear," replied Chloe. "Her missis no slave—her missis Taty. Why not Miss Stell and Miss Rufus? Den dey no slaves!"

She perceived the danger of permitting conversation between slave and slave, the chief subject of which was what transpired at the fort; but boldly entered, to save their exasperated slaves from further apprehension. She therefore came to both Chloe and Cæsar, and in a whispering intimacy with any one of them, so as not to provoke the sentinel Rufus, informed them that a slave had been seen in the city, the subject of whose visit was to inform them that all was well.

"Well, then, Miss Stell," said the still trembling Chloe.

"Cæsar, you too," said Stella. "It is the object of the English to establish that a species of vassalago among Americans."

"Oh, I am very glad, Miss Stell," said the rejoicing Chloe. "I am very glad, and shall be in—after!"

A long silence ensued. The anxiety of Stella in reference to her brother

er and Percy increased. She had hoped they would have advised some means of sending to her, though she had little doubt the difficulties of communication were as insurmountable with them as with herself. She had not ventured to quit the house since the day of her arrival—the menacing impertinence of the soldiery had so alarmed her—although, so far as she could discover, there was more propensity of conduct practiced toward the civilians, than on the pre-dict day of their occupation.

Stella was sitting one evening alone, revolving in her mind how it might be possible to intiate to Rufus her desire to quit New York, now rendered so unpleasant, when Chloe entered the room in a state of considerable excitement, to announce that a gentleman wished to speak with her.

"Who is it Chloe?" asked Stella, observing her agitation.

"One dem great lord soldiers," replied Chloe, advancing toward her mistress, and delivering her reply in a whisper.

"An Englishman, and one of the military? Impossible," observed Stella. Her fears made her apprehend some evil at this call, but she was determined not to betray any feeling of alarm in the presence of her terrified slave. With faltering step, but assumed composure of countenance, she entered the reception-room. The shadows of evening had just begun to proclaim a slight obscurity in the apartment. Upon her entrance, a tall military man rose from a chair on which he was seated. He wore a sword by his side, but the indistinctness of the light concealed the lineaments of his face, which were also shaded by a liberal mustache and somewhat bushy whiskers. He advanced toward Stella, bowed with studied politeness, and then said:

"I fear, Miss Westville, that I am forgotten, although I hope to be permitted to renew an acquaintance which was formed in another country."

Stella was astonished to be thus addressed. Surveying the visitor more closely, she replied:

"Is it not Captain Malman?"

"The Captain of other days, Miss Westville," said the stranger; "but Major Malman now."

Stella bowed, to signify that she stood corrected, and then asked:

"Are you still attached to the British army, Major Malman?"

"I am," he replied, "and from one of the present expedition, I am rejoiced to find you an inhabitant of New York. Is your brother also here?"

"He is with the army," replied Stella.

"I regret to hear your confirmation of that report," said the Major, with the indifference of contempt, as Stella delineated the forces of General Washington an army.

"To me it is a source to all my griefs," said Stella.

"That your brother is in rebellion?" exclaimed the Major.

"That he maintains the heritage to which he is born," replied

"Even I, a woman, feel the sacred fire which warms man's heart to liberty, and arms him against oppression."

"I regret that you have been taught to garnish insurrectionary deeds with this vivacity," said the Major, "for it is such besetted conflict that has constrained his Majesty to employ his armies to restore the allegiance of his subjects."

"You have advanced in power and strength, and are for a moment, triumphant; but you may soon be reduced to feebleness," said Stella, seriously. "I know the inimitable nature of the soul of this soil. You can not conquer them. They are resolved on liberty, and they will never sheathe the sword which they have drawn until they have crowned it with victory."

The Major listened with evident impatience and distaste. As the evening was darkening, Stella summoned Chloe to bring candles, which she thought would afford an opportunity to terminate a discussion that was neither agreeable nor desirable. When Chloe had retired, however, the Major said :

"I will not renew the subject of our conversation, although I deeply lament that a mind so rich in many things should be so misguided on this absorbing question; but I will proceed to another object in this visit—the imperative on my duty. On taking possession of the city, a number of worthy citizens, whose loyalty does not falter, and who are enthusiastic in our cause, were kind enough to afford us considerable information, by which it seems that you are not exempt from their suspicions."

"Of what can I reported to be guilty?" demanded Stella, in dignified taunt at the charge and at the manner in which it had been withheld by the Major.

"Of compunction with the rebels," replied the Major.

"The accusation is false," replied Stella, the color on her cheek heightened by the conviction of innocence. "I have not seen nor heard from my brother, nor any other of that patriot band, since the day of your entry here. Indeed, I have not quitted my home, for the insatiate of your soldiery when I was last abroad, has since confined me closely to my residence."

"With me, Miss Westville, your denial has the force of truth," said the Major; "but there are those whose doubts it is almost impossible to quench, and they place you in rather a hazardous position in an enemy's camp. You need protection. There was a time," continued the insidious Major, "when happiness and security surrounded you—when I, unable to resist your beauty and your attractions, asked to share in the sweet sympathy of your heart. The privilege was denied me. I retired falorn and wretched; but neither time, my active life, nor the excitement of the battle-field could drive from my memory that one cherished hope, or from my heart that hope abiding. Today I meet you in another land—the soil of your birth—among a people whose affection from a powerful enemy is said to be punished in blood. Abandoned to the evils of war,

in the camp of the avenger, and exposed to imminent peril, I now find you. Miss Westville—Stella—still Empress of my heart, grant me the love that I so long since implored, that I may have the right and privilege to defend you against the world."

The amazement of Stella at this renewal of a former suit was so great that she could only gaze in silence upon the Major. Her heart was swollen with indignation. She thought the British Major frantic—and—or he would not have made these rather frantic attempts upon her heart in the moment of her isolation. She made an effort, however, to reply. She wished not to be thought in haste, nor impulsive.

"Major Malman," said Stella, with a severity of look that was by no means flattering to the hopes of the other. "Had my heart inclined toward you, had I loved you to the bottom, the worthless and humiliating character of your intended now would only have excited my contempt. But it is not so; you are by no means repulsive to me; and I, a usual object of distrust, a lover of my country and those who defend the liberties of her soil, will rather call upon my own innocence for protection than upon the hand of a British officer."

The eyes of the Major flashed furiously. Every feature expressed ferocity. His brows were dark and knitted; his hands were tightly clenched into fists; his feet were rigidly drawn up, and placed firmly on the floor, and he seemed fully prepared for some encounter less gentle than could be pursued toward a lady. At length his stern mouth relaxed :

"Stella," he exclaimed, in a tone of voice reserved to his moment, "I am your friend. I cannot tell insult, but to weary one of the breakers by which you are surmised to be rendered. I am together, perhaps, would render; and I should be glad to pay the services in a manner that now would not my mother prefer. It is not in the nature of a military officer to be rash! I repeat, will you accept my assistance and my hand? I prefer them in one instant."

"Never!" exclaimed Stella.

"Alas, still as for me?" said the Major, rising exultingly from his chair. "End your life with me in an instant!" he repeated; "Farewell!" and, as he quitted the room, there was a savage language in his exultant dialect—uttered by a shuddering woman.

Isidor Malman was the son of a gentleman of small property in England, but born educated for the army, and, when still a boy but not man, had attained the rank of Captain. They had received opportunities of seeing each other, and Malman had a fondness engendered with her. With the consent of his father he proposed to her; the honor was declined; but so sincere was the fondness of the successful suitor, that he applied to his father to intercede with his brother. The brother, however, refused to do so. He had seen a sketch of Malman, and declared that the happiness of his sister would be

promoted by such a man. Repulse, but still unwilling to acknowledge a defeat, the pertinacious son of Mars prevailed upon the lady with whom Stella was then visiting to sue for a revision of the sentence; but there was no mitigation—the heart of the character was remorseless. The dissolute lover had to resign his regiment, and to seek victory in the field. Nearly two years had transpired since this event, but he never forgot or forgave the rejection, and his present love was not unmixed with a malignity that hungered for revenge. Now that he had a second time committed himself to a power he could not resist, with no better fortune, he finally resolved upon vengeance. Never was a villain in more favorable position to glut his appetite.

No sooner had Major Malman quitted the apartment than Stella threw herself upon the couch in despondency. There was a brightness in the mien and language of the man that cast into Stella all his chagrin and love. This she had perceived when he had first cast himself at her feet. She always thought there was something threatening even in his love; and how much more cause had she to dread the vengeance of his anger. She saw the malice in his dark brows as he quitted the house, and heard the irony of his words, and felt that nothing could humble their arrogance but the bravery of her brother or the impetuous wrath of the gallant Percy.

Stella now summoned to the room Cesar and Clio, related to them frankly the charge of suspicion made by the visitor who had just left, and again implored them, as they valued her safety, to hold no communication with the slaves of their neighbors, nor to exchange a word with the idle and inquisitive soldiery of their city. The poor slaves, trembling with apprehension, promised faithful obedience to her directions.

Again Stella was alone in her wretchedness. After profound meditation she resolved to await the arrival of events with as much fortitude as she could command. Rufus and Percy were distant though so near. A few miles separated them, but the interval was guarded both by sentinels and the terrible penalty of death. To communicate with them was utterly impossible. She could only use every precaution for her safety, and abide events. She rose from her seat, and was about to extinguish the lights, which were burning dimly, when the door opened slowly, the form of a tall figure was introduced, and, while Stella repressed her breath at this sudden unexpected visit, the figure entered, closed the door, and advanced toward her.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE BAFFLED WARRIOR.

MAJOR MALMAN retired from the house of Stella in a most ungovernable rage. Rejected as a lover, disdained as a man, despised as an officer of his Britannic Majesty, nothing could sooth his wounded pride. For a time he threatened the dark streets, fomenting the anger which he was hoping to appease. Fatigued at this paroxysm, he repaired to his quarters, entered his room, threw himself into a chair, and indulged his ire with oaths, threats, and lamentations.

When Major Malman had left Stella with an evening call he knew something more of her position than he stated. There were plenty of Tories who, smarting beneath the persecutions of the friends of independence, now attempted to hurl upon them indiscriminate vengeance. The Major was on informed that Raffis was a Captain in the patriot army, and that Percy Arder, who was his devoted friend, was also supposed not to be indifferent to the cause. He therefore determined to visit Stella, to represent to her the desperate struggle in which her brother had embarked, the importance of the cause for which he fought, his own failure, misfortune, and even abandoned situation, and then to offer her his hand. He thought such magnanimity must be esteemed—such courtesy could not be refused, and he paused to consider well whether he should in any way modify the terms, as if with the fair sweet girl he was about to address it was a matter of capitulation. He was amazed and indignant when he heard his offer rejected by Stella with unexampled scorn. He could scarcely repress the language that usually accompanied his anger, and when he withdrew from her presence he vowed to be revenged. Disguising the malice that haunted his feelings, he desired a servant to summon the Sergeant. It was not long before he was obeyed—Sergeant Sargeans entered.

"Sargeans," said the Major, "I trust your vigilance is not relaxed. You have reported little for the last day or two."

"I endeavor to do my duty, Major," replied the Sergeant, looking; "my men see every thing that passes; but the people of the town are well inclined."

"Be not too confident, said the Major. "I have men that are regarded with suspicion."

"They shall be watched, Major," said the Sergeant, "if you name them."

"Persons whose nearest relatives are in arms," continued the Major.

"There are several families of that class, Major," remarked the Sergeant.

"Who are in correspondence with the rebels," said the Major.

"I ask their names, Major," said the Sergeant.

"There is much mischief plotting in the city," persevered the Major, regardless of the remarks of the Sergeant, "which you ought to penetrate. If we can not apprehend the guilty, we must seize upon those next in rank—the suspected. We are among a rebellious crew—in a city of enemies—and we must exert our power to strike terror into their hearts, or we may be ruined by their machinations. You must refer to our position, Scroggins, and silence your scruples."

"My men are watchful day and night, Major," observed the Sergeant—"little escapes them."

"And on that little which you and your fellows disregard may be suspended our destruction," said the Major, in a passionate voice. "The advice I have received ought to have proceeded from you instead of the faithful royalists. Have you watched closely a house in Pearl street?"

"Several, Major," replied the confident Sergeant.

"Occupied by a young lady?" continued the Major.

"And her two slaves," added the Sergeant.

"The same," said the Major. "Is there not treason there?"

"I have invested that house as closely as a fortress, Major," replied the Sergeant, "from the moment the lady entered the city. She is a dangerous enemy, and once foiled me in the moment of triumph. I endeavored to get acquainted with her female slave, but the poor woman seemed alarmed and would not notice me. Then I observed that Caesar, the negro, daily exercised the horse. I met him, patted the animal, alighted his coat, and so gained upon the weakness of his grooms that he communicated every thing to me. That Rillas, the brother, was his master, and that he was with the army of Washington. That another gentleman is also in their ranks, who loves this lady, and whom this lady loves—your pardon, Major, did you speak?" asked the Sergeant, as, at this point of the recital, an oath escaped the enraged officer. But, obtaining no reply, he proceeded: "But I could extract nothing from him of a suspicious nature."

"But why did you not offer to deliver letters from the sister to the brother," exclaimed the Major, "or to that other rebel leader? We might have then induced these trim heroes to have stepped with us in our lines."

"Major, I could not do that," said the Sergeant.

"The lady was less merciful with you," suggested the Major.

"She used fair strategy, Major," said the Sergeant, "and attracted my attention in one direction when it *ought* to have been intent upon another. But these young rebels will come, Major. Cæsar, ignorant of the penalty, says he knows they will, and that his mistress is most anxious to see them, in order that she may arrange to quit New York."

"We will wait a few days, Sergeant," said the Major, as if by this patience to atone for the insinuation which he had addressed to the more supine Sergeant. "But, is the house much visited?"

"Not at all, Major."

"Does the lady visit much?"

"She does not quit the house."

"singular," mused the Major, but bold enough for the Sergeant to hear what was intended as a thought, "that no friend should call on her."

"I am wrong, Major," exclaimed the Sergeant; "she has received one visitor."

"Who?" said the Major, with interest.

"A figure in disguise," said the Sergeant.

"Ha, Sergeant!" said the now animated superior. "You want to surprise me, good Sergeant. Was it ever known?"

"A man—and so thoroughly concealed that I was blinded; but I surrounded the house upon his entry that he might not escape, and awaited his return. At length he came forth, but announced so suddenly that I could not recognize him as I intended."

"Dolt—ape—you didn't lose him?" vaunted the Major, as he rose from his chair.

"I follow him—overtook him—and will live side by side," said the Sergeant, "had I not destroyed—"

"What?" thundered the Major.

"That he was my commanding officer—yourself," said the Sergeant.

"Perdition!" exclaimed the Major, and he passed the room in anger.

The Sergeant was an efficient soldier. He knew his duty, and rigorously performed it; but he would rather than incur the charge of injustice even in the punishment of those whom he, like a just, though extravagant father, had wronged. He was willing, however, to detect the existence of error; and he would not be slow to do so; provided that the objects of such a reparation should be just. He was annoyed at the decisively which he had passed the last night; for there was a chivalric gallantry about this last effort that caused him to appreciate the article, though somewhat maxio, for such a terrible revenge.

The conduct of the Major was to the Sergeant paradoxical. He had seen his officer enter the very house the inmates of which he

was about to be charged with treason. He had, however, given him a severe rebuke, and had convinced him, at the same time, how ungenerous was his reproof for lack in vigilance. The Sergeant was giving upon the violence of the tortured man, when he abruptly paused in his rapid walk, and, in a voice almost in letlet with passion, exclaimed :

"Look well to that house, Sergeant! You have my command to do so. Let a report be made to me each day of every one that passes in or out, whence they come, and whether they go. I tell you, treason is hatching there, and should you be negligent in your watch, you surely will be punished in another."

The Sergeant saw the violent following of the Major, and was about to withdraw, when a sharp knock was heard at the door. He opened it to find one of his own men, who had followed in such haste that he was unable to utter a word. The breathless reporter, perceiving the Sergeant, made no effort to withdraw from the room, which he was about to do, when the Major roughly and savagely demanded the cause of all this tumult.

"It is only one of my men, Major," said the Sergeant, "who, but for his me at the guard, would have been here."

"A youth—dark and figure !?" exclaimed the sentinel.

"An adventure, truly, suggests," said the Major, with a little more interest and a little less rage.

"Come, Sargent," urged the messenger, who now began to recover his voice, "is the same person that you can't catch at all. We'd have him now."

"What is this match?" said the Major. "Where does he  
live?"

"At Miss Westville's house," replied the Sergeant, with reluctance.

"What saw you there, man?" demanded the Major, with a rudeness that made the soldier pale.

"A person entered the house, your honor," said the soldier, "carrying the military salute, wrapped in a cloak, and I saw the hilt of a sword below it."

"Back to your post!" ejaculated the Major, "back to your post, and remember that it is death in the camp!"

night of bliss! What poetry there is in hope when hope is in revenge! Now, quick, quick, and drag these prisoners before me that I may enjoy their grief! The remembrance of this hour of joy will lighten all the sufferings I have or may yet endure."

The Sergeant, a man of war, who was accustomed to regard horrors with indifference, listened to these brutal words with feelings of disgust. He, nevertheless, bowed to the orders of his master, and quitted his presence with a determination to put that last, though he never before experienced the unloyal sentiment to banish the enemy of his king.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MUFFLED FIGURE.

STELLA leaped from the couch, on which she was reclining as the door closed upon the startling apparition, and she was about to scream in terror at this second invasion of her privacy, when a finger was raised as if to implore silence; then the figure cast aside the cloak and disclosed the handsome person of a field officer of the American army—Percy Archer!

"Stella, dearest Stella!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms. "I already read in those sweet eyes the rebuke that must not be uttered. I could not endure a longer separation until assured that you are in safety under this right royal protection. Other battles we must fight; but our recruits are raw and unaccustomed to them. They are also un disciplined, billy-clad and pistol-proud. And I have lost many of those comforts which assist in giving firmness to the heart, and they are consequently disolute and ready to do any thing. Thus we may not just now be able to resist the attacks of such a host that contribute to the gaiety of the day, but have to retreat. As each day will place me further in danger, I must leave you while these calamities are in abeyance."

"But Percy," said Stella, "you know not the magnitude of the danger which you tempt."

"There is no price, dear Stella," replied Percy, "that I will not gladly pay for the cheer of an hour; you are a jewel."

"Oh, Percy," exclaimed Stella, "you know not the miseries to which all residing here are subject. But do not be surprised. I received a visit from a British officer, informing that I was supposed to be in correspondence with their enemies, and that my conduct will be strictly guarded. What if you be seen to enter here?"

"Allow not such treacherous thoughts to cloud the happiness of

the passing hour," said Percy. "But you have not named the bearer of this alarming threat."

"It was Major McLean," replied Stella, with a slight blush.

"I remember his evil name," remarked Percy, "and know enough of him to presume this visit a brutal infliction of common courtesy. Oh, how I wish that I had reached here one hour earlier, that I might have dyed that royal standard that he so proudly wears in a deeper though less pure hue."

"Let not me either excuse rash words or rash deeds in you, Percy," said Stella; "it would desecrate the sacred sword of liberty to draw it in a private brawl. Close not your eyes to the danger of your position. If you love me, Percy, fly. Your life is imperiled by your presence here, and, much as I have wished for you in my long illness and sorrow, nothing now will afford me satisfaction but your absence."

"Be calm, dearest Stella," said Percy, with emotion; "and if my presence contributes so much anguish to a breast I would rather die than pain, I will do your wishes. But, I am unsuspected. I came stealthily through the enemy's lines, passed their rather ill-settled sentinels; advanced by lonely ways not yet perhaps known to them, and, reaching this street, watched your house some minutes in the shadow. All was quiet, and everything looked like indifference and safety but to be still farther assured I, like a careful soldier in an enemy's country, examined the recesses, the doorways, and dark places, and while all seemed deserted, I entered here, securing the door so that no one can follow."

"Still, I can not share your confidence," said Stella. "There is a foreboding of impending danger in my mind, which is not lessened by the cautious manner in which you have committed this great imprudence."

"Dismiss these thoughts, dear Stella," said Percy, "which like a cloud, so darken theuster of our meeting. The little peril in seeking you is insufluent, and the second of fortune which guided me to your feet will protect me to the eve of my return."

"I am rejecting a scene for which I have much wished in this before your departure," said Stella, with great emotion; "but it is with love to your safety—to your life. Resist me not, dear Percy; but fly while yet the door is open to your escape."

"My dearest Stella," said Percy, so warmly, alarmed at her great emotion, "I will return. I will quit your presence, this house, and this captured city, although I feel that you are laboring under the excitement so recently induced by the threats of that ruthless scoundrel of an officer. But why should you remain? Would it not be better to quit the city than to be the object of the suspicion and persecution of its present governors?"

"Yes, Percy," replied Stella, "this is no longer a residence for me. I have mentioned the subject of an appeal since the day of my return, and now that I feel I am regarded suspiciously and my

actions watched, I am firm in my resolve. Tell Rufus therefore, of my wish, which I am sure he will forward, especially when he is aware of the vicinity of Major Malman."

"I will gladly be the bearer of intelligence so valuable to us both," said Percy. "We shall, indeed, be kept in activity all the winter, and shall feel that you will be safe in Philadelphia than here. But now, dear Stella—"

"Hark, Percy," exclaimed Stella, involuntarily clutching his arm. "I hear footsteps near the door."

"In imagination, Stella," replied Percy after listening a instant. "Your fears have ever been your curse. In these times of war the brightness as well as the sons of America are dimmed."

"Hush, you are wrong—they are true the fact," continued Stella, greatly terrified. "They are trying to enter. They are the British soldiers. They have seen you, Percy. Fly! Fly! At all costs, seek your preservation and save us both!"

It was true. The ready ear of Stella had detected the clink of the stealthy steps. They made an effort to burst an entrance, and when that failed, they sought the servant by another route, and entered it knocking on the door. Stella stood in the center of the room, her hands clasped in terror, her eyes fixed on the door of the entrance opposite to Percy. He, however, conscious of his right to be safe, looked coolly at his pistol, drew his sword, and placed himself at the door to repel the intruder. The servant entered unresisted. "Gide, not to you but to you, I have come to the paler to speak freely with you, Stella," said Percy, stern and determined, with a drawn sword, still pointed to the floor, and sank into unfeigned distress. This was a moment of suspense. Alarming to wild Percy, she said with her usual, and still no voice too sweet to be resisted:

"Percy, they have tried you. They sold you out. They are suspicious in their conduct. They have not even the right of the house before the back of it was well garrisoned. But you are resolute, despite their skill and strength. This is good. I am with you, Stella, offering you succor, which I implore you, however possible between us. So, let's to the business. They are here in force, but it is a woman against the world, and I am the only means of availing you in presence."

"What, Stella," exclaimed Percy, in alarm, "do you think I will retreat this cowardly and basely before the onset of these demons?"

"Should I be in their power if you retreat?" asked Stella, who was fond every moment that the hour would be past. "Yes, an unresistable man, such I have yet to find, may be my defense, but the British can oppose you a few. Still, it may be taken, Percy, you will be tried as a spy, and it may be some big reason to prosecute him. I am sorry for you."

ence of their profession. It may be a question of life or death to both. Are we to be destroyed or saved?"

"I will go, I trust Sir," I will go," said Percy, after a moment's struggle with other feelings.

Feeling still, however, the prostrated filly of the mares, which was still upon the floor, and clasping his beloved stable to his heart, he passed without the smallest word which Sella had only just time to observe, through the stable door, and ran out into the park. Sella, in the beauty of her gentle beauty, entered the stable door, and after a few minutes of silence, during which she said nothing to the horses with great gravity, said in a commanding voice:

"To what interpretation am I to attach this violence? Is it, when we look with the usual proportion of the English banker, to be called a robbery? May this be this? But had one of the men said, 'I am sorry,' and then pointed to the table, and then said, 'I am sorry,' and then, 'I am sorry,' then, however, I might have been as helpless. I ask again, what is this unauthorized outrage?"

"Monsieur," said the Major, "I was walking in front of the house when I saw the parrot, at the same time hearing now, "It is a servant, and not a bird. Sir, I say to the Major, you have to do with the bird. It is a bird. "It is my bird. I have not been unkindly treated; but my master has been unkind to me, and where did he intend to take me? I say to him, it is not unnatural to me to think that my master is a bad person. I know where he is, and where he is going. My master does not like to see me here." Then, addressing himself to his master, he said, "General, all the doors were open. I went through them, and found you in the hall. I say to him, "Perhaps, Madame, you will conduct me?"

"I am so glad I knew it when I entered. It is in my power, I am sure, to do so little; but, that the way is the easier, because

She had no objection in the face of the Sergeant. Then  
she quietly slipped to her place. She listened, and then laid  
her head.

"I am your master, however I do not like to be master, I want to be  
—sir beyond your power."

"I am sorry," replied the Senator. "The secret is  
safe with me, but the house will be given to who ever  
visitor has fled. *I hate men there.*"

As a result, the *Wall Street Journal* has called the new model "the most significant development in the field of international trade in 20 years."

gospel as if her life was ebbing, for she had unconsciously ushered Percy into the very jaws of death. The Sergeant, feeling acutely the anguish he had caused, sought to allay it, and said:

"Courage, Lely; I have your word for the honor of your friend, and he has nothing to fear. He shall be free, for I believe that his visit is not one of treason; that the object of my officer is of *evil vengeance, not of duty, I know.*"

These words were as electric as those which had preceded them; they recalled Stella from despondency, and as soon as she recovered from the first three of the reaction, she approached the Sergeant, pressed his rough hand between her own, bathed it with her tears, and said, with the solemn emphasis of inspiration:

"May the mercy which you so generously extend this night, be meted to you in your greatest need!"

The Sergeant stood in thankfulness, and, while his ear still retained the sacrosanctness of the voice and his heart the grandeur of the sentiment, his man—the watchful sentinel—thundered down the house and up the staircase, the cry of—

"The city is on fire!"

The Sergeant and Stella rushed together to the window. The flames and smoke rose higher than the houses, and when the Sergeant saw the locality from whence they came, a shudder passed over his frame. With almost a shiver, he cried out:

"My wife—my child—my poor, dear Marguerite;" and without further notice of Stella, or thought of the fitness of his visit, he leaped down the staircase, and, still uttering the same cry, left the house, followed by his men.

The fire raged in Broadway, burning the houses on both sides with resistless fury. In vain the inhabitants and the military struggled to master this fearful element—its ravages seemed to increase with the efforts to subdue it. Its awful roar shamed all other sounds. It inundated the whole city with its smoke, and the air was filled with its dense clouds of smoke, while the waters of the harbor were covered with the fragments of its victims.

Stella descended to the parlor. Grief had rendered Stella pale, as she rose from the floor, and now stood gazing upon this wretched scene through the window. But the fire, with all its appalling horrors, its roar, its smoke, its intense heat, its smoke, and its destruction, which had caused her drowsing in vain in another climate, was not more the object of Stella's mind. The bather of Percy was fondly repeated to her, and now that the kind Sergeant, by his words of his own, had been attracted from his promise, she resolved to attempt the rescue of her beloved Percy alone. She knew that this project of hers was an alarm was not likely to be forgotten so long as she lived, and had but one doubt that the guard in the upper story had been called to the fire. Stella left the apartment, and, passing through the passage, hastened to the house where the poor, collected Percy. The bather was apparently buried in the

apartments were lighted by that fearful torch which was devastating the city; but they were abandoned and silent. She entered the room where was the exit from the secret passage. The panel was tightly closed. She knocked—no sound returned. It was plain that Percy had left it; but, whether in the custody of those whom the Sergeant had stationed there, or whether he had released them, was still a mystery. With a palpitating heart, unrelaxed by this visitation, she quitted the house, and, just as she entered the street, a shrill, deep and piercing, met her ear. It proceeded from a woman coming rapidly toward Stella. She was leaning full over her child, which she pressed tightly to her breast. She seemed in frantic agitation, and alternately uttered full and thrilling screams and wailing sobs. When she perceived Stella she exclaimed, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Run! run! It's coming—it will come! Look at it on the houses, on the roofs, in the air, on you, on me, on my poor babe! Oh, how it scorches! Run! run! But for a rebel I should be mad, and my poor babe a cinder!"

Then shuddering and flinging her arms closer round her child, she uttered another thrilling scream, and hastened onward.

Stella felt great sympathy for the frenzied state of the poor sufferer. Following her, just as she reached her house, she caught her arm.

"My friend," said Stella, kindly, "you are in misfortune. I was also a poor child of sorrow—so that in this we are sisters. This is my residence. Come in—remain here to-night, and in the morning, when you are more composed, I will accompany you home."

"Home!" exclaimed the woman, with a look that showed the agonizing association it conjured up, "I have no home—it is gone—it is in ashes!"

"Then accept the shelter of my roof—at least to-night," said S. H.

"God help me!" exclaimed the woman, regarding the excitement in which Stella had first seen her, "there is no safety here. There is too much light. I want darkness. I want to hide my child from all this burning light."

"It is dark within," replied Stella, "and your infant will be in greater safety than in these dangerous streets."

The woman took little notice of this last invitation, but stood gazing intently upon the card, when Stella, taking advantage of this pause, conducted her gently into the house, where she sank with exhaustion upon a couch. In the mean time the hot tempests of fire had been more effective. She had a recollection of the scalding sun which used to harass her daily, and of the red hot sons of Mars which had been sent here; but these had been extinguished by the snow on which she had been so hotly gazing as it fell to the earth with light and heat, and when she thought was some demonstration of the "Battlements," of which she had heard such wondrous tales. She now, however, assisted in the charity of her mistress, and cher-

isbed the slumbering infant, while Stella applied such restoratives to the mother as soon induced a return of consciousness. With the thankfulness with which she was treated, the gentleness of Chloe to her child, and the safety of both, she no longer exhibited those maniacal symptoms which had first attracted the tenderness of Stella. Another hour of tranquillity, and she could look back upon the occurrences of the night with more calmness, and even volunteered to recount to Stella every circumstance.

"I was retiring to bed," she said, "when I was alarmed by a cry of fire. I went down stairs to inquire into the truth and found that several houses were in flames, incensing that in which I resided, which was burning so rapidly as to prevent my return to the rescue of my poor child. There were many men, and I implored them to assist in saving the infant; but they did not regard me, when a stranger, muffled in a cloak, who had heard my prayers, came and said, 'I will save your child, my good Woman, only let me in to the room.' I did so. He rushed into the flames, and I thought that he never could come forth again, they were so fierce; but he appeared soon after from out the raging fire, and, placing the child in my arms, he said, 'I am a rebel, in the pay of a party of your army. I live a lonely in this city who is persecuted by the friends of the rebels. The only kindness I ask of you is to extend your assistance to the lonely whenever she may require it. She will know you by this, and what is yet more important, will know that she can confide in you.' He was handsome and an officer. I knew not then who he was. I did not even think him. My eyes were dazzled and wretched by the flames—my heart was filled with feelings never to be forgotten, and, although I could have yielded him my life, and fit that my soul was not half large enough for the greatness he had excited, yet I spoke not a word. Nor do I remember more. The bracelet he gave me upon my arm, and there it still remains until I find a moment to do which I will walk this city day after day. I will reward her with my life, if necessary."

As the woman concluded, she raised her arm that the bracelet as talisman upon it might be examined. Stella, directed at the bracelet of the good old servant who had thus boldly dared the flames to save a child, bent down to view the ornament, when an exclamation of joy and astonishment escaped her, and she exclaimed:

"It was Percy! He has escaped! The arm it is on!"

Down on her knees the woman fell. Tears gushed from her eyes, and great exclamations of thankfulness escaped her. She kneeled at the knees of Stella, and kissed her hand. "It is true," said she, "that I did not hear the noise of the house when I awoke this morning, and the night wide open her heart at the moment of her alarm, and that she might instruct her child that the letters which I named his name were sacred to its life.

At length Stella induced the grateful creature to rise from the floor, and to listen to language which taught her to the last ex-

and not to the agent in these great mercies are our best feelings due. The thankful woman bowed submissively to the sweet voice she heard, but she only revered her monitor the more.

The night advanced. The fire still raged, rising in broad sheets of flame high in the atmosphere, and relating to houseless wanderers hundreds of frantic people, who, joining their screams to the roar of the fierce element, increased the terror of this tragic scene.

In the midst of this pitiful clamor, aさまる was suddenly in the center of Stella's path. Casper was weary, the cold & I staggered in the arms of Grief, and, therefore, Stella responded to the question I knew not. She quitted the bazaar, and there stood a British soldier. Stella started back at sight of that cautious uniform, a source of so much sorrow & alarm to her; but the man of war seemed now a man of peace, if not a suppliant, for he leaned against the door-posting in great exhaustion.

"Save me not, gentle Lily," said the soldier, in piteous accents; "I come to tell you that your friend escaped—to give you joy not pain. I withdrew the guard as I passed, and thus his course was clear."

Stella listened in gratefulness and delight, while she regarded the speaker with the deepest sympathy—it was the worthy Sergeant. He was dismalied in his extreme agony and disorder of dress. His eyes were protruding and bloodshot—his cheeks were hollowed—and his nostrils expanded from the effect of his rapid respirations—and his lips were colorless, and he seemed like the sufferer of years instead of an hour. Stella remembered the cry with which he had left, and she turned to ask him to certain the direful fatality she thought she read so plainly in his face.

"Come in, my friend, come in," said Stella, "and permit me to alleviate something to relieve you. Unhappily the anxiety which you have exhibited to let them by an inch, while your heart is heavily burdened with affliction."

The Sergeant staggered in. Stella ushered him to a quiet room. He sank into a chair, uttered a deep groan, and, as he recumbent upon his seat, his dismal eyes, wan and pale cheeks, and dependent arms, stretched to the floor on either side, caused Stella to fear that he was lifeless. She was about to seek a refuge from this death scene, when the sleeping child, in the adjoining room, awoke and began to speak those words with its native power.

"Ah! my pretty bird, are you chirping still?" said the Sergeant in a weak voice.

Then he undosed the heavy lids which closed his eyes, while the voice of the infant was the only sound that broke the quietness. They were red and the nostrils炎熱 angry. They rested in white, they sparkled bright, they were full of life, and yet felt sure was there. Then a sad bairn exhaled a curse from the fiery chille. The ghostly Sergeant recollecting from what Stella had just thought was

his death swoon. She was appalled at his ghastly appearance, and receded to the door; but he exclaimed, in almost frantic accents.

“Where does that voice come from?

“From a child in the next room,” replied Stella.

“Does it live?” exclaimed the still incredulous Sergeant.

“Yes,” responded Stella.

“And its mother?” reiterated the Sergeant, as if it were an mystery of it of which he failed to hear the answer.

“Is with it,” said Stella.

The Sergeant no longer doubted. With a bound he reached the door of the apartment.

“Wife! wife!” he screamed, as he advanced; and, as that last cry rang in the matron’s ears, she repeated her exclaiming:

“My husband! my husband!”

They embraced each other, kissed their dear child, and then knelled before Stella.

The pure-hearted Stella pointed upward. The re-lake was fit, and together they acknowledged the grace where thankfulness was due.

When the Sergeant heard from his wife the marvel of preservation of his child, and of the recognition of the rebel hero by their lovely hostess, he turned toward Stella and said:

“How much I owe that gallant foe; how little I am able to repay him. Tell him, fair lady, that there is one great heart in the enemy’s camp, and more than one who is well convinced of the noble and generous nature of your people.”

“You owe the advantages that you enjoy to your own sense of justice,” said Stella. “Had you been as vindictive as your Major, you might now be childless and a widow.”

The call of duty now compelled the delighted Sergeant to repair to the scene of the combustion. It was still devastated the city, though, after great efforts, it was finally arrested; but it had been reduced to ashes nearly five hundred houses, a third part of the whole city, and rendered destitute an army of a thousand.

The next morning Stella was one of the most popular characters among the citizens of this desolate town; but, on the following great misery was enacted for, as the fire was the work of the British set by the British to the incendiary preparation of the Americans. As little or no sympathy was exhibited by them for the poor sufferers.

## CHAPTER X.

## UNAPPEASSED VENGEANCE.

Now did the Major think to gratify his desire for revenge. Now did he call this fair woman at his mercy. He already pictured the disconsolate beauty and her confederate, be he brother or brother's friend, within his power, and thus fed on the banquet before the feast was called. The atmosphere of the room was too confined for the largeness of his joy, and he went forth into the streets. They were no longer dark. These groping, narrow ways which led to Stella's house were now easily traversed, yet he did not observe what it was that made obscurity so clear. There were cries, there was agitation, and both were indicative of calamity; but his ear, like his eye, could only perceive one particular sound, one voice of lamentation — the cry of Stella for mercy.

Presently a soldier rushed past him; he was in haste, but the Major saw enough to distinguish the Sergeant.

"Sergeant," he cried, "you are going for me. I am here, my good fellow. I was impatient. I could not wait."

It was the Sergeant. He heard his name pronounced. He knew the voice of his master, but he did not pause. He was frantic with alarm.

"Look up, look up, Major," he exclaimed. "The city is on fire."

"Hah!" ejaculated the Major, the whole mystery of this flood of light now just occurring to his mind. Still, revenge was uppermost in his heart; he let the fire within his breast die than the embers of the house, and, following the Sergeant, he cried: "The spy — the spy! where is he?"

"Me wif," exclaimed the Sergeant, making all haste toward his quarters.

"The lady! where have you sent her?" again queried the Major.

"My poor child" was the only response of the Sergeant, and with this cry he disappeared.

The master still pursued, and when he came upon the scene of disaster, he saw a woman wringing her hands in agony, and shrieking for her babe. A screaming female howled from the flames, and, supporting the departing master, placed her infant in her arms.

Thanks poured from the grateful parent's mouth, and he then attempted to retire.

The Major watched this stranger narrowly, and when the cloak was unrolled, it disclosed a uniform that was not British. Then, full of the gallant action he had witnessed, and regardless of the clarity that induced it, he grasped his pistol, advanced, and pointing it at the unsuspecting stranger's head, said, exulting:

"Traitor, die!"

But a boy, who had eyed the Major as keenly as he had observed the stranger, sprung forward, dashed up the officer's arm, the pistol exploded, and the stranger was unharmed. The Major turned upon the delinquent in terrible anger, when he perceived his favorite attendant—his faithful Claude.

"Claude," exclaimed the fiend man, "would you have an extraordinary escape? He is a rebel. It is he and others of his class who fired the city." Then crying aloud to some soldiers, he cried:

"Seize that man—that rebel in the cloak."

But the rebel was too dexterous and too intrepid, and made use of an avenue of escape which appalled these fierce pursuers. He cut through the flames through which he had apparelled, and so escaped.

The night was one of such agitation that it was late in the morning before the Major found the Sergeant. Neither had slept, and both were blackened with smoke, and were sputtering from fatigue, but the Major's vengeance was active.

"Sergeant," he exclaimed, "where have you your captive prisoner?"

"He escaped," was the reply.

The veins on the forehead of the officer were swollen with the violence of his passion. The Sergeant saw the coming storm, but he could not avoid it.

"There is villainy in this—gross villainy!" said the Major. "Did you enter the house?"

"I did, and posted guards in back and front," said the Sergeant; "and, when I could find no one, the hasty conclusion that the visitor had escaped before I entered."

"Ha!" said the Major. "Did she admit who he was and had he been there?"

"She did, Major," said the Sergeant, with reluctance.

"Then this file woman shall receive the punishment of death," said the Major.

The interview between the General and his Sergeant ended thus abruptly; but the latter saw the malignity in the countenance of his superior.

That evening Stella was summoned before the council, where a number of officers, collected round a table, were present in arms. They were in regiments, and, upon the arrival of the General, the General soon entered, and then the business commenced.

"I trust, Miss Westville," said the General, "that our friend

gunners has not caused you alarm; but as we have encountered you in the field and in the drawing-room, somewhat to our mortification, we now view you as rather a formidable enemy, and are compelled to ask an explanation of a circumstance in which you are even a prominent actor. We are here to impress with the sound the rebellion of the classes of his most gracious majesty, and those who claim our protection by residing in this city must conform to our regulations. One of the most important is, that no one shall have correspondence with the rebels. It is charged that you have violated that ordinance, and on that point I would ask your explanation."

"I have little to explain, sir," replied Silla, "but my statement will be one of truth. I love my country and its liberties. I have a brother on yonder heights, a traitor, I do suppose with you every inch of ground until he dies. I have, to other friends in that desolated country where I revere. A few even, as since Major Mardon, whom I had known in England, called to examine the time I was supposed to be in correspondence with the enemy. Up to that moment I had heard nothing from my brother, or from any other person of the army, directly or indirectly. The Major addressed me in a spirit which I resented, and held my residence in great excitement, while I remained in the highest indignation at his really unmanly conduct and his threats.

"I had not recovered from the agitation of this visit, when a strange figure presented itself before me. I rose from my chair in alarm, and when the figure was stated he was not present, he cast off his cloak and was a soldier of the rebel army. I was deeply grieved at the unexampled treachery at this rashness, and would have instant flight. He was the friend of my brother—the friend of my principles, and I heard the consequence of his daring. Whether he believed to have been even through his information successful, and to be detected. The Major reported, however, Silla as entangled with his son, to whom he addressed that an end of the country had to be made, and, but for his own purposes.

"It is said," repeated the General, who had listened with great interest, "that this same officer was afterward seen at the fire. How you are bound to believe that he was there?"

"It was there," said Silla, "where he received the Sergeant's child and mother, and I suppose a sealed letter from the General."

"I suppose it is only you that are traitors," said the General, who seemed to be deeply moved by the history and character of his prisoner; "but in our duty as soldiers, we have a right to be ignorant, and naturally suspicious. There is, however, one observation which I think I can make with entire confidence—that there is a bold and impudent villain upon the person who practices such a craft as you are engaged in, and it is a common saying now, that such a man

quent should be assisted in an escape even by a hasty, whatever her relation may be to him. Still, had a daughter of my own acted in the manner which you did, I could not, and would not, have repreached her; I would only have cautioned her on the future."

The whole assembly concluded in the sentiments of the General, and Stella quitted the apartment with far more satisfaction than she had entered it. This satisfaction was increased the following day, on being informed by the Sergeant, that no special espy would longer be directed to her house or actions.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FLIGHT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the expostulations of Stella, Percy would rather have remained and confronted his enemies, than have made an ignominious retreat; but her distress conquered his daring, and he yielded the felicity for which he had risked so much, and fled. He plunged along the dark and narrow way until he reached the place of exit; but here paused, for he distinctly heard voices engaged in conversation. Then he heard a loud cry, as if of astonishment or alarm, and then a rush from the room. Then all was silent for a while, when he ventured to unclose the door of his sanctuary. The room was unoccupied; but it was brilliantly lighted by some marvellous agency. Still, there was no sound, and he proceeded to the door. The street was abandoned; but the light was still more brilliant than within, accompanied by a noise in the air like the roar of great waters. It was then he perceived that New York was on fire!

Percy listened to the source of this mysterious glare, and then saw a woman in despair at the peril of her child. His heart was touched at her grief. He rescued the infant, and, while presenting it to its almost frantic parent, was recognized as an American soldier at bay by Major Malvern, and pursued by a host of his countrymen; but he released himself from this last burthen in a moment, and astonished the beholders. He had observed, when he first entered, that the flames just at that point formed merely a screen, although it seemed so fierce, and that beyond was a boundless freedom. He therefore drew his cloak around him and rushed into this fiery screen, whither those who sought his blood dared not to follow. He proceeded with the utmost speed along the illuminated streets, that he might regain the greater security of the country, and thus reach the patriot camp. Passing through the many woods, and, with some

difficulty avoiding the swamps, he reached that point of the British lines through which he had stolen earlier in the evening; but, to his dismay, he found that the sentinels were now doubled. The extraordinary brightness of the heavens had apprised the officers of some calamity at a distance, and had induced them to take this precaution.

Disappointed, though not disheartened, he made every attempt to deceive the faithful soldiers. He practiced the walk of the Indian, and crept upon the earth from bramble to bramble, and from bush to bush; but, even the little noise indispensable to such a stealthy movement, and which scarcely disturbed the stillness of the night, did not escape the ear of the practiced soldier. The night was fast waning. He therefore resolved to search for some less guarded point, and, for this purpose, plunged deeper into the woods. While advancing with rapid strides, and with all the vigor that peril and hope inspired, he suddenly felt, proceeding at the same quick pace, through more noiseless than his usual, and almost at his elbow, the specter! The blood of Percy, which had been heated by his exertions and his fears, now chilled in his veins, as if his miraculous visitor instilled some of the dampness of the grave into these channels. It soon spoke:

"Why this haste?" it asked.

"I am walking for my life," replied Percy, abruptly.

"This is the road to death," remarked the specter.

A shudder passed over Percy. He could not pronounce a word.

"But you have been seeking death all night," continued his tormentor. "Your first attempt, was an hour after twilight, when you passed these lines—your second, an hour later, when you nearly involved a lady in the same destruction—again, when you restored a child, a British brat, to its bounding mother, for which you were grievously shot at by a British career—and, now, before the herald's still trumpet has span, unless you date your pace, you will have reached the goal where the steps of euthanæ, and those of the grave will begin."

"What way?" asked Percy, in alarm, but at the creature's knowledge.

The specter had stepped down the whole British lines, as if his eyes could penetrate each night and all time, and then replied:

"There is one weak point; but it is far off, and the morning is approaching. You must hasten, for you have a rival in the east, and with his assistance, victory will be his."

"Who?" repeated Percy, interrogatively.

"That is the term with which we poor soldiers use as yours," remarked the specter, merrily, "and the punishment is yet more ignominious."

Percy did not reply. There was an expression of exultation in the last remark that made him doubt whether he ought to confide in

such a shadowy adviser; but not caring to exhibit farther his decision, he determined to follow it.

"Be careful," remarked the specter, as they passed on their way, "how you again intrust yourself into a cage where the bars are muskets, and the keepers wary soldiers."

"I will remember your caution," replied Percy.

No pace seemed too rapid for the nimble stranger, and then, as the perspiration poured from the face of Percy, in his great efforts to extrin the guide, the latter seemed wholly unaffected by the exertion. At length they reached a grove where a sentinel was placed in a ghostly gable, pointing to this well-guarded post, said:

"There is the only weakness in the British lines!"

Percy gazed in astonishment in the face to which he had so much aversion. It was monstrous, he thought, to lead him thus for safety into danger. The soldier—powerful, erect, and tall—peered to and fro his walk with confidence, and even while they stood there, the cry of "All's well!" which sounded along the line from the East to the Hudson River, was responded to by him. When Percy accidentally broke a twig, the sentinel paused, letting his gun reverberating. Such vigilance as this was now exhibited to him as weakness! He was inclined to upbraid this perilous guide, but he repressed his anger and observed

"That sentinel is too watchful to be passed."

"Man deserves but little," said the specter; "I see not with the eyes that blind you. You must pass that man or die."

"How can I sufficiently conceal myself?" asked Percy.

"Concealment is not needed," said the specter; then turning toward the east, he all! I: "You will soon appear no sentinel to be put. Be bold,—be prompt,—or if you have not courage for the trial, await the Provost Marshal."

"I fear nothing," said Percy.

"Then advance or perish," exclaimed the guide, with a velocity so tremendous that Percy started from the ground. He saw that day would dawn, and he determined to make the venture, though it seemed like walking into the jaws of death. He therefore advanced. The sentinel still peered to and fro—still passed but intervals, and though Percy thought his cause most desperate, he continued his progress until he had reached within ten yards of the sentry. Then the soldier stopped. He listened, inclined his ear and his sword, covering the body of Percy with his musket, while his hand was placed firmly on the trigger. This was a terrible position, and the patriot only expected death. He instinctively looked toward the master who had thus dolefully him within the meshes of the trap. He was just perceptible. Percy saw a horrid smile upon his ghostly visage, and the specter disappeared.

He was recalled from the feeling of terror which pervaded him, to his imminent peril. The warbler had not moved, nor spoken, but still seemed vigilant and determined. Percy moved slightly, so a

to withdraw his body from the range of the sentinel's weapon. He fired no opposing movement, and Percy, still in greater wonder, approached still closer to his enemy. Then, again, the cry, "All's well!" ran along the line, and the sentinel, recovering his position, gave to his comrade the reassurance of the safety of his post, by exclaiming aloud, "All's well!" and removed his hand from the gun. Percy, however, had forced well into his teeth, and there he remained, clutching the rifle firmly, as though he had to defend it. The sentinel, however, clung upon his post, and, although he had to stand in the cold, was regarded as that as important to the security of the camp.

Thus Percy escaped this last danger between himself and his own regiment. It was day before he reached his quarters, and here he was received by exhaustion. On the following morning he revealed to Rufus his adventures. The more discreet brother of Stella severely censured the proceeding. Both, however, resolved that Stella should be removed as soon as possible; but more active military operations rendered this not directly practicable. They were able, however, to transmit to her inclosed letters through the medium of officers who were exchanged, assuring her that she should be removed at some early period, and proceed at once to Philadelphia.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MAJOR AT HIS QUARTERS.

MAJOR MALMAN was present when Stella appeared before the Council. He thought she looked more beautiful than ever, and his heart warmed with the confidence that the decision of the tribunal would be favorable, while she herself returned at his interview with her head held high. How much was he astounded when a sudden blow, by creation and birth as well as all that had transpired, struck Stella and the administration of the military tribunal with such a sudden and terrible blow of surprise, when their decision was finally declared. He could not understand the reason, but it was evident to him, and he could not understand the reason of his own sudden, and his joy so instant the first of November, and placing his hand between his hands as he always did on that day, he gave the express intimation of his unity. He now well understood that his master was the rebel Major, who had planned even the marriage of Stella by robbing his child, and when he should have shot but for the intemperate conduct of his servant,

Days and weeks passed, and the Major still nursed his ranger without having seen a fitting hour for vengeance, when he received orders to prepare to quit the city with his regiment. It was resolved by General Howe to occupy Philadelphia, and, although the determination and the achievement were by no means equal—which the sequel proved—the proud Briton thought them so, and the Major's regiment was to form a portion of the triumphant force. The Major was no coward. He thought battle a pastime, and he liked activity; though he was not disposed to quit the vicinity of St. Paul—still, preparations must be made. He therefore summoned Claude, that he might dismiss the necessary preliminaries from his mind.

"We are ordered to quit the city, Claude," said the Major as his servant appeared, "and have to fight our way to Philadelphia—you will see it on the map."

The boy answered with a melancholy smile.

"You are pleased, Claude," continued the Major; "to me, you are a paradox, for, when I first entered battle it seemed toadden your heart that a soldier should undergo such peril."

"Oh, sir," replied the boy, in a voice full of feeling, "I share the consequences to you; but I am tired of this idle, listless life, especially when I see that it has dangers as formidable as those of war."

"What mean you, boy?" demanded the Major.

"That in you, inaction has been poison to your heart," replied Claude.

"Claude!" exclaimed the Major, sternly.

"Do you imagine," said Claude, "that I have not observed that pallid face, those sadning fits of abstraction, and that, leaving you as I do, I should not seek the cause? With sorrow I see that all this change has been effected in the gallant Major Mahan by the fair fire of a rebel daughter. Did you come here to live? Were you condemned for this species of subjugation? No, not. Therefore do I welcome the more cheerful sounds of the camp—the crackling language of the market—the courage of the swarthy, rather than see you the slave of an infatuation in which it is almost too late to indulge."

The boy spoke with great vehemence, while his face blazed with flushed anger. The Major regarded him a while, and then the eyes of the boy fell to the ground, their brilliancy dimmed; and he seemed more like a patient than the master of the house a minute. Still, the Major did not reproach the boy, but the austerity of his countenance entirely satisfied his master, who closely resented its caprice upon the virtue of the boy. At length the Major said:

"There are many things, Claude, in times of war and imminent peril, that narrow the countenance of the soldier and agitate his heart far more than the affections of his heart. I know the lady to whom you refer, in England, and my recollection of her is by no means joyful.

had indeed, as much otherwise, that I, under sufficient evidence of course, was instrumental in the charge preferred against her before the Council."

The boy shrank his head as if berolated. The Major saw this at a glance, and, approaching him kindly, and putting his hand upon his shoulder, said :

"Prepare our traveling-trunks, good Claude, for to-morrow we quit this city."

The boy moved toward the door.

"And, Claude," continued the Major, "let Sergeant Streggins know that I wish to see him."

Claude quitted the presence of his master. When he closed the door, the Major said I to breathe more freely.

"That boy is an enigma I cannot solve," remarked he to himself. "He is a marvelous fellow. I have watched him closely—he has no vice or fault; but, his jealousy is deadly, and exceeds that of a woman. Why should he manifest this aversion so markedly toward women? Stella Westville now is the object of his hatred, and if I laid a hand on her, likely it would be the same with her; and yet, when I attempted to discipline him for this scoundrel, and remind him that there is an interval between master and servant that must be preserved, I always refuse to utter the reprimand, and the subject drops."

Now came in the worthy Sergeant Streggins, who, removing the cap from his head and bowing, stood as upright and motionless as if the Major had saluted him with the word—"Attention!"

"Well, Streggins," said the Major, "we are to take the field directly."

"Always glad to serve His Majesty," replied the Sergeant.

"That is a kindly sentiment, Streggins," said the Major.

"The sentiment of the Fatherland, sir," said Streggins.

"I am proud of the loyalty," remarked the Major. "We want to go to you. Our destination is through the Jerseys to Philadelphia, where General Washington's Congress—will they await him there—in twenty-one days?"

"It's not the time I expected, and we will follow," replied the Sergeant.

The Major paused. He had not yet raised the subject to speak of with the Sergeant. He now said :

"Did you see Miss Westville during the last few days?"

"I did not, sir," said the Sergeant.

"I expected to see her," returned the Major. "In fact, I intended to see her. I had no opportunity to explain to her fully, how I was importuned to say that very Council who excommunicated her so suddenly. Do you think she would receive me?"

"No, sir," responded the wistful, pale-altern.

"You speak almost timidly," said the Major.

"Since that affair," replied the Sergeant, "the lady will not unclose her door to a male, friend or foe."

"How know you that?" asked the Major.

"My wife," replied the Sergeant.

"What is the intention of this lady?" said the Major. "She can not long live thus like a recluse; her health will suffer."

"She intends to leave New York," said the Sergeant, "and visit Philadelphia."

The Major said no more of Stella. He had obtained enough from the Sergeant on which to found a plan of operations, and as he was very fond of strategy in war, he thought to employ a little of it in feeding his obduracy of heart. Sergeant was dismissed. For a time he sat in deep, but smiling meditation, revolving in his mind how he would use the information obtained. Then he rose and attended the mess, where his buoyancy of spirit was a matter of general remark. This gaiety could only be ascribed by his brother officers to his approaching campaign.

The next morning all was ready. The faithful Charlie, with the assiduity and care of one who loved his master, had all in readiness, and with colors flying and band playing martial airs, the Major crossed to Staten Island, there to enter upon the campaign. Already transports were busy bearing the troops over to Anzio.

The Sergeant marched with his comrades, while his wife stood upon the beach, holding the infant in her arms which she had received from Percy, shedding tears at the departure of her husband. Her heart was deeply afflicted that the imperious call of duty should impel him to fight against those to whom she owed so much gratitude.

The Sergeant had visited Stella the evening before his departure. It was an affecting meeting. She saw in him the enemy of Percy and her brother, and he in her the devoted friend of the man to whom he was most indebted on earth.

"I can not ask—I must not hear, I wish not to know the movements to which you are subject and my dear friend are attached," said the worthy soldier, "for my heart would suddenly fail were I to fail, what a terrible and dangerous moment would it be if the Sergeant, of the Fifth, might act as he never did before; but the last words written on my heart, and should any instant come to threaten, from me they would always receive a soldier's sympathy and a soldier's care."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE FALSE AMBASSADOR.

THE American forces had gradually retired from Harlem Heights to White Plains, but not without retrieving the reputation displayed at Tappan Bay by several severe and triumphant skirmishes with the enemy, which proved to the British that they were bold in heart, if somewhat ragged in attire.

Since the fire, the Sergeant's wife had occupied the dwelling to which the secret messenger had, and, through this dark channel Stella would often seek the society of her husband and grateful friends, that she might hear through the Sergeant the gallant efforts of the sons of liberty. He—though devoted to his king, his country, and his duty—expressed to the Americans the full meed of praise due to their dauntless bravery.

With the departure of the British, however, she lost this truth-filling visitor, and obtained only the boastful version which the British general of the crown successes, which boded nothing but destruction to the patriots.

Each day brought more calamitous intelligence, which was anticipated by the ringing cheers of the soldiers and the snaffles and drum-beats of their drums and the loyal Toms. Cornwallis wrote that the Americans were so nimbly and light of foot that he could not catch them—that, however, in that they might be in the ranks, they were to be no match in the race, especially when the stout men of Britain should enter the rear. Such boastful witness made Stella impatient to see her husband and the influence of her enemies, and impelled her to the proposed interview. She almost resolved to go to him, and to implore him that of her slaves; for, notwithstanding the contempt of Cornwallis, she had no doubt that the general's army was to be defeated, with far less spirit than had previously existed.

On her way she had passed over this wish, she heard an abrupt encounter between Caesar and Chloe, and a boar's, loud yell. The scene should have caused his powers save the entrance of Percy, and now, as he had this stranger's admittance to their master, he had approached the scene of strife, and demanded the stranger's name.

"I guess you're the missus," said the stranger.

"Yes," replied Stella.

"Then I've a message for ye, from yer brother," said the stranger.

"From Massa Rat," exclaimed Caesar and Chibé in a voice.

"Where is he?" exclaimed Stella.

"On the Del'war," responded the stranger.

"Come in come in," said Stella. "The slaves still back to make room for this now welcome visitor.

He was tall and bony. His face was bushy with rough and yellowish hair, which, however, did not conceal the ill expression of his mouth, which was one of greet and malignity, while in his sunken eyes there was the cunning of the fox. His hands were callous as leather. He seemed one of those iron men now only seen up in the frontier. He was apparently unarmed, unless weapons were concealed beneath the hunting shirt which he wore; but he appeared a formidable opponent even as he stood.

"Have you a letter from my brother, my son??" asked Stella, as she invited her visitor to a seat.

"Na paper o' that sort," said the stranger.

"No letter?" exclaimed Stella; "and y' from my brother too?"

"I guess not," said the stranger. "I calculate y' don't catch me with such things on my person as is a death-warrant."

"What mean y' at?" asked Stella.

"Why, that the rebels would hang me on the next tree if they could get me with papers for the rebels," said the stranger.

"Not if they contented to treason," remarked Stella.

"As for the matter of treason," said the stranger, "I guess they hang ye when they get the papers long afore they read it."

"Then what is the object of your visit?" asked Stella.

"To tell ye that yer brother and the 'tether ridin' man well, and to ax ye to go and see 'em," replied the stranger.

"How can I pass through a country overrun with rebels so long?" said Stella.

"I calculate it's pretty eas'ly off a skul," said the stranger, "but it, I guess, that your visit knows Chris Wryneck. He won't be afeared t' foller his advice."

This was the first intimation of the visitor's errand. For that it was the old servant of Rat's and the "tether ridin'" to send Stella to take another way to Philadelphia. He would have been a good and a good-looking man; but Stella was told that Chris Wryneck, in his gravity and sternness, and his severity, could not be equalled in the State of Pennsylvania. In addition to this, there was a yet more important detail, for a woman to take that the unattractive stranger might not be able to resist his attraction.

"What token do you bear from my brother?" she asked, "that I am to confide in you?"

"I guess" replied Chris Wryneck, "he thought the token would be enough. I hardly carry any thing but words."

"If you can I feel assured," again asked Stella, "that you are not practising some deception upon me?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the fellow, in a manner rude and unrepented. "First just tell me the rason, the motive, the drivin' power. Ye reckon, p'raps, that I ain't just the mate to trust in the world? Na, na, gal. I want gold—gittin' gold, yeller gold. It's what I'm true to. It's all that I have for. The ring of it is music, and the gold is blinder than the sun to my eyes. Yer brother, he's a good man, and that makes me true to him and you," said the fellow, who still had not taken his pocket-book and fished the wad out of his capacious unbuttoned coat, his eyes gleaming with intense joy.

"And I suppose," said Stella, after listening to his exposition, "that in devotion to wealth you are capable of selling the secret of your power to the highest bidding of some other?"

"Na, na; in that ayther, missus," replied the stranger. "Once I got the gold I marks out the duty, and then na gold I'll buy that gold; na, na."

The speaker drew from his pocket his hand filled with guineas, and displaying them upon a table near, he, for a few minutes, fed his eyes in silence at this golden banquet.

"Now just look at 'em, missus," continued the exulting owner, "ain't 'em beautiful. Whenever I reckon that the work I've done for such a reward is rayther hard up on the sufferers, I just spread out the gold, and all that sort o' filin' lives me, and nothin' but joy remains. Now there is twenty pieces, and forty wouldn't buy 'em—no, forty wouldn't buy twenty. A lib'rar is worthy of his hire, missus, and nobody can say of Chris Wryneck that he ever 'lowed a general lib'lar to be over the fast. Now, missus, if you like to leave this city and follow me to yer brother, why there's nothing more to pay."

The expression with which Chris Wryneck gazed over his golden treasure, and the exultation of the day, caused the blushing missus to drop her eyes, but the rascal's specious eyes took up the secret of his mystery, and, at a glancing perusal, she said: "Well, I can see you have had a good night's sleep."

"Is it a good sleep?" she said, "if I dare venture upon such a perilous path with a total stranger?"

"Well, that's as you like," replied Wryneck, without being in any way annoyed by the remark. "I guess you'll be a lively de- fendant in a jay-jay. We don't agree on many points now, and I guess we'll differ on all matters on the road."

Stella was not unmindful of this display of individualism. She was destined to be the brother's wife, and so was up-bound to please him; but she had no objection to a man in whom she could find no objection. In this doubt she resolved to try what effect an absolute refusal to depart would have on Wryneck.

"I am surprised," therefore said Stella, "though far from happy, for the present at least, I decline to leave the city."

"I guess ye doubt me," said Wryneck, unmoved. "Good. If ye likes the gold, keep to't. There an' the pieces—the gold," he continued, pushing the guineas across the table toward her; "take 'em, and when you see yer brother, tell him that Chris Wryneck won't take the gold without he brought the gal."

This ingenuousness dissolved the scruples of Stella. She reproached her heart with the injustice of its judgment. She saw the man, whom she had so hastyly doubted, cast down the gold he so much prized at her feet rather than forfeit his integrity. Wryneck still gazed intently upon the shining guineas on the table, as if he yet coveted what he had so generously rejected. This was not unseen by Stella, who exclaimed :

"Take up the gold—it is yours and you shall earn it. I will accompany you. My suspicions are subdu'd—my doubts dispers'd—and I will endeavor to atone for the wrong I have done you by a reliance upon your faith."

Chris Wryneck clutched the guineas with a smile of satisfaction, and Stella regretted to witness such avidity; but he had avowed to her his weakness in the path to manhood, and she would not in thought condemn him even in his greed. There was a triumphant look in his hairy countenance and in his ferret eyes as he plunged the jingling pieces into his ample pocket, and then asked Stella when she would be prepared to quit the city.

"I shall be compelled to take with me my slaves, Caesar and Chl'e," said Stella.

"I've on'y bargained to deliver you," said Wryneck, "and the blacks must take their chance."

Stella made no reply; but arranged that Chris Wryneck should call the following day for directions as to their departure. On this understanding he quitted the house.

An hour later, Solly entered the secret passage and sought the Sergeant's wife and unfolded to her the intention to depart. That grateful woman felt acutely the approaching separation, and explained to Solly the danger of passing through the jersey; but she replied that she had a skillful guide, whom her brother had appointed to conduct her, and who promised her security. Chl'e was so much pleased at the novelty of removal as to withdraw herself; but what she termed the "imprudence of the Britishers," and Caesar was delighted at the idea of meeting "Massa Red." He had heard during the fallage of the slavery, that the patriot army was wholly without shoes and clothing, and the faithful negro had consequently picked several pairs of boots, and clothes of all descriptions, determined that "Massa" should be well supplied with articles so necessary to make him sightly as an officer.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE EXODUS.

Stella promptly applied to the General for a pass to quit the city, and proceed into the Jerseys. It was granted without hesitation, and the long-expected scene of battle and preparation in Stella's heart dissolved her fears and was now all hope. Chloe, devoted to her mistress, had nevertheless tired of the inaction of New York, and the little group in the "Briskers" seemed to entertain for the happiness of her charms; while Cesar, though by no means vain, thought that his clumsy proportions could not deserve all the ridicule now cast upon him by the rebels.

But there was one sad heart amid those genial smiles—it was that of the Sergeant's wife. She endeavored to be cheerful under the persuasion that Stella was going to greater happiness; but she could not master her despondency. She had removed to the home of Cesar, which was now committed to her charge; but she only suffered added pain by this nearer association. When all was ready, the travelers only awaited the arrival of their guide.

"Oh, Miss Stella," exclaimed the Sergeant's wife, "this painful hour brings back with double force the remembrance of that fiery night when Major Archer rescued my dear infant, and you gave your life to save the woman and her child. I look toward both the past and present with the deepest gratitude. I feel it now, and so does my husband. It is in the power of our hearts, and can never be removed."

While Stella was endeavoring to comfort the poor woman, the sound of an unusual voice at the entrance door announced the arrival of the guide, and he and the slaves were now held in alteration. Cesar Verywell disapproved of the arrangements, and had expressed his disapprobation in very severe terms. Cesar had saddled the horses, Bartels his mistress, after the adjunction of himself and Cesar, and the further encyclopede of the baggage he had selected. He had put the other horses to the wagon, and all were now in readiness at the door.

"I have heard of this掠ing robbery, and that robbers were now to be found in the city, and that such travelers as will carry their luggage out of town. The slaves would thus endanger themselves, and there might have been some difficulty in the execution of their joint project had not Stella appealed to me for help. I told the young Wren to allow nothing to prevent the slaves from starting. Cesar showed their teeth and growled like a bear."

"I have a very good friend," said Stella, turning to the Sergeant's wife, and leading her to the door. "May we not in like cases? I leave you with regret, and I shall always remember you with thanks."

While the tears yet stood in the eyes of the Sergeant's wife, she closely scrutinized the guide, and then said with some severity:

"Be true to your trust, my man. Be a faithful protector and guide to that dear Lily. I have seen you here before and may see you here again, and shall not fail to ask an account of your charge. That Lily is dearer to Sergeant Seregrins and myself than our own lives, and should you prove untrue in your duty, there is not a soldier in the British bat'ry who will assist in hanging you."

A tremor was visible in the features of this fatigued forester as he heard this denunciation, but by an effort he surmounted it and replied:

"'Tis deitful, missis, what may happen in a journey from the Hudson to the Delaware in these here times when the Jersey is full of rebels, thieves and forgers, and when niggers ride in wagons that can't go byways; but I guess if anybody can make a march o' the kind in safety, 'tis Chris Wryneck."

At these words the traveler moved forward, and Stella quitted a house that she did not revisit until many years had passed away, and the liberty for which Percy and her brother were so gallantly contending, had been won.

Barb was the most happy of the party. With Stella again upon his back, he passed the British sentinel's in profound slum, and even gave the fatigued guide one or two nips when he attempted to take the bridle and direct him to a more even portion of the road.

The guide was a agreeable and communicative. He was untiring in his watchfulness, taking advantage of every likely place from which to mount after, and even mounting trees that danger might not even find him unprepared. Toward evening they reached a lonely house, partly consumed and wholly abandoned. This the guide announced, would be their resting-place for the night. Caesar soon made a blazing fire upon the hearth, and Cabe quickly prepared a comfort to repast; while Stella learned, to her consternation, that smaller accommodations would be afforded them until they reached their destination, as the country now abounded with fallen and half-burned houses, from which the inhabitants had been driven by the fury and excesses of the Generals whom w'ever in the Jersey.

The travelers proceeded in this manner several days. Passing through scenes of disaster and miseries, they avoided the most prominent spots Stella had yet seen, and here, although the track of that fatigued horse had been lost, the guide was well prepared for a rest on this wild and desolate mountain. There was a stand, but poor and twisted boughs, surrounded by skilfully arranged mounds, and Stella was loath to leave it except for one of the rare moments of weariness and desolation which often beset her while upon their journey. The company, however, had quitted the starting-point under the apprehension of its insurmountability, and this it was but too evident the presence of the horseless wagons.

Caesar and Cabe had been as infatigable in the caissons as any mule is used. The evening meal had been prepared, and steam

hildren to the other, and assigned her. The guile was thoughts-free, and she had to answer questions, and seemed anxious that all should separate as early as possible. The room occupied by Stella had but one window, in which the casement-windows opened. The sun was at the zenith, and the heavens were unclouded. She was sitting in a chair of crystal, when suddenly the figure of a man appeared in front of the doorway to the house. He approached slowly, as if to hide his design in being undetected, when a number of children were in view, and thus she recognized to be the guide. She knew well what he was about, but no sooner had he stepped into the room than the children were grasped in the arms of the man, and were drawn out of sight, far from the window, for their eyes were closed. But it was evidently of a nature that excited the children's interest, for Stella distinguished their hoarse voices. After a time they advanced up the lawn to her window, and as they passed beneath the shadow of a tree, Stella heard her guide remark :

"I g'ess I app'ly for fallen news, but I want to be sure of the truth afore I take hold on't."

"Well," said the other, "I knows as how he's there. I guess I see'd him, and I guess he can be took, too."

"Well, I guess the old 'saint" replied the guide.

"At this time," said the other, "I s'pose he's gone to the B'ches, I guess, I s'pose, I s'pose as how he will 'em never mind a gal, and as I tell you, if I made the best bargain, I g'ess ye the best."

"Ay, ay, Tom, Tom," replied the saint, "I g'ess I see'd ye him, and I g'ess I want to be took."

"Well, and I freedom the question is, how to make the most on't?" observed the stranger.

"That's easy, Tom, Tom, and the guile," then, again laughing heartily, said the other, "how could a feller off like Charley get into sich a basket?"

"Now, now, Charley," said the stranger, "he's there, and let us bring on the basket. This is money m't—there's got to be turned off in the mornin'."

"There's money for you, Tom," said the guile.

"Take my money, Charley," said the stranger, "ride over to the toll-gate to day, and take him the team of Charley at a price, and I'll give you a dollar for it at least."

"I g'ess I will, Tom," said the guile, to whom the temptation was irresistible, "but ye must look well after the gal and the children, and I'll be back when I'm away."

"I know you won't mind that'll escape me," replied the stranger.

The man spoke, and the room disappeared. Soon after, the sound of children's voices, running in the distance, came to the ear of the saint. The process was repeated to the exhaustion of the saint's patience, and the last word of the taking of the one

to whose guidance she had been committed. Chris Wryneck, it was evident, was better known to others than to herself, or he would not be thus sought as the agent in villainy. She little doubted but that such treason was intended toward her country—such betrayed of its interests and its adherents. "Who was Charley?" she thought. "Of what distinct aim must he be to induce the British to purchase a knowledge of his hiding place with gold, and to send a troop of horse to effect his seizure?" She determined, with no better guidance than what she had overheard, to exert herself to defeat the infamous plot. Baskerville was named, and to that place she resolved to direct her course.

Stella dressed herself for the road, and then opening the casement, stepped out upon the lawn. She entered the stable, saddled the willing Barb, and mounted upon his back. Then, pursuing the opposite road to that taken by the guide, she gave the rein to her impetuous master. On she went for many miles, when Baskerville was so near; but she knew it not, nor was there a sign of life from which she could glean information. Not until daybreak did she learn her error, and this she endeavored to repair by the agility of Barb. She arrived at the house she sought; she knew it by the many chargers which stood near, and, as she saw no enemy, she still congratulated herself upon a good fortune. The door was unguarded; she opened it; it was a large apartment, filled with sleeping figures rolled in blankets and stretched upon the floor. On the hearth burnt a fire which partook somewhat of the drowsiness of the inmates. The soldiers still slumbered; the opening of the door had not been sufficiently noisy to disturb their repose. Stella, little heeding the novelty before her, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, awake—wake. There is danger to you all."

"Danger!" repeated twenty voices, leaping from the wooden enclosures, each with a pistol in his hand.

"Yes," responded Stella. "I have ridden far to warn you that in a few minutes you will be all prisoners."

"Prisoners!" they ejaculated.

"Ay, prisoners," repeated Stella, who found that her levers were still half asleep. "There is treachery going on. Who is Charley?"

The fellows smiled significantly, and no one seemed desirous of replying to this question, until one, apparently less drowsy than the rest, said:

"It is a name by which the ill-distinguished our General. He sleeps above. We form his staff."

"Then it is against your General that the treason is directed," said Stella. "Inform him without delay that in a few minutes a troop of British will be here to capture him."

The officer ran upstairs, and Stella heard him knock at the door, and call the General, who replied rather sleepily. The officer then cried out:

"A messenger—a lady—a patriot lady has ridden all night to tell you that you are in danger of the British."

"Don't believe it," bluntly responded the General.

"She speaks, General, with great sincerity and earnestness," urged the elder. "She ran, I into our sleeping-apartment unannounced, and was near being shot in her anxiety to render you this service."

"Bosh!" replied the unbelieving General. "It is only the impetuosity of woman. She means well, no doubt."

"Perdition, General, but this lady is one who would not have undertaken so severe a task except from urgent circumstances."

"Well," said the commander, "not to be dismotive, tell her that I will see it her, and that I will take immediate measures for my safety."

"Bosh, General, let me personally beg that you will not disregard this warning," said the elder, "for as we have no force here, our only resource is flight."

"Well, as in the fair Mercury," replied the General, "an old adage is right, and when we have eaten that we will provide against these perils."

The old man bade L. Stella stand pale and trembling, and he said that she had merit she did give; but he thanked her for her information, and assured her that the General would rise immediately and take the necessary precautions. Stella was about to enter the room again, when the general, moved instant interest, went to the window with the heavy tramp of horses, and, as she looked in the direction of the noise, her heart leaped in her breast as she discerned approaching at a terrible pace the well-known banners of the British Invasion.

"It is too late. It is too late," exclaimed Stella, in agony. "The enemy is here!" and even as she spoke, the troops entered the room.

At the head of the party, he rode along with triumph, as if he was master of the day, and that the day was glorious, noble the soldier, the Virgin. As the troops went forward the dwelling, the castle, the castle of— His heart sank into his bosom, and, in terror-stricken silence, he hastened his horse toward her and the General.

"For what party are you riding?"

"For the General," he flew out, "your Excellency, you nobly and honorably command."

But the question of birth was for the next moment directed to the commanding officer of the horses, who demanded, in a voice of thunder, the saddle of the general, or he would fire the horse. The General, indeed, was not by any means a horse, and Stella saw him in the midst of his enemies.

With the rapidity of lightning, in the darkness he had to seize the general, and the general, if his memory served him up to him, and, with a look that she saw in his eye that day,

vinced her he was capable of any enormity possible to humanity, he exclaimed :

"Mount."

"I refuse," replied Stella, with a vehemence that astonished him.

"Mount, I say," he repeated; and, as he spoke, he drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it at her; "for I've took y'all to deliver ye won't come fairly, by the light of heaven, I'll deliver yer dead body."

Stella looked in the villain's eye, and saw that he had spoken the sentiments of his wrathful heart. There was no one to save her; she beheld only the dragoons, who were his friends, his condoners. She reseated herself on Barb. Then, at a rate which indicated the malice of men and horses, the troops passed onward with their prisoner. Barb leaped the broken rail with the agility of a gazelle, and won the admiration of these rough soldiers. But his sweet and beauteous mistress sat heavily and sadly on his back, for she knew not what might be the next excess of this base guile, who had so suddenly assumed the bravo. A faintness soon overpowered her. She could not maintain the rapid pace in her exhaustion. The servant Wryneck saw by her countenance that she was ill, and allowed her to travel more slowly, at the same time appreaching, and offering his assistance.

"Vile traitor," exclaimed Stella, aroused to anger, "treach me not. But tell me who it is among America's patriots that you have thus betrayed."

"Well," replied the guile, "I's a friend to colon'ment. It's Lee. He once attempted my life, and he's got a notion of hangin' me still. Now I on'y take his liberty. See how carefully I retain the injustice I resave."

"Outcast of society and most abominable of men!" exclaimed Stella. "Is it thus you repay the detesters of your country? Leave me here. I will a'most seek my brother. I am far safer by myself on these wild plains than under your wicked and abominant guidance."

"Another day's march," observed the guile, disregarding the language just spoken, "and I shall earn the gold that I hav' resaved."

"You dare not enter the American lines," said Stella, "with this monstrous treason on your conscience."

"Oh," replied the guile, with the impulsive frankness of the villain, "I howd you as a sort of security!"

"You are an emissary of the English," said Stella. "My faith in you is forfeited. I will be escorted by you no farther."

"I'll have my gold," was the laconic but comprehensive response of the guile, whose eyes, keenly buried in the bushes, over his brows, expressed a fearful determination.

Stella saw the desperate character of the man with whom she had to do, and faltered to say more, as in those unquiet times, and no

her unfound position, there was no threat that he could not execute with impunity.

Chee and Chee had risen early in the morning and had prepared breakfast; but when they found that Stella, the guile and Barb were absent, and that the three were supplanted by the stranger, they retreated to the foot of a tree near her room, and gave way to their lamentations. The stranger exerted himself to assure them that the slave would soon return; but the disappearance of Stella, whom he had promised to guard, was as inexplicable to him as to the slaves.

While this perplexity reigned, Stella and the guile appeared in the distance. The slaves, with cries of joy, rushed toward their recovered mistress. The stranger was not less nimble. He alighted toward the guile, the hideous snail's upon whose rapacious visage had collected further villain that sinless had attended his flight explosion, and soon the snail of the precious metal till that the sons of Japhet were diviling the price of blood.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TREACHERY.

Not until the next morning did Wyneek again present himself. He made no reference to his absence. He soon entered the presence of Stella, and easily her informed that she wished to pursue the secret mission that lay between her and the Delaware, without his assistance. The soft eyes of Wyneek testified no anger — they rather twinkled with glee — but he added that, as a British camp was very near, the slaves must be prepared, at any moment, by his command. Stella informed that she had been even this night the subject of his vigilance, now in Wyneek affected great indifference, and said that, so far, she had not leave the house.

Stella, however, did not depart, and the slaves were about to take the horses for the steamer, when the old woman, uttered in the language of Barb's slaves, a cry up to the house. One was, evidently, in the room, and, perceiving the negroes at their bedside, they knew that it was the Major, and, besides, he desired them to remain at home, and to attend the masters to the presence of Major M.

Major M. was present for nearly half an hour, but he left the slaves alone. It did not satisfy him to be in audience in the presence of the Major, and, after the withdrawal of the slaves, he approached the master's chamber. She easily detected his intent, and caused Chee to introduce the visitor.

"I am a friend," said the Major, as he entered the apartment, "to find that Miss Westville is a lonely traveler through this conquered province."

"Not more so than I am to meet Major Malman," replied Stella.

"May I inquire your destination?" said the Major.

"The banks of the Delaware to join my brother, and thence to Philadelphia," said Stella.

"The banks—oh! truly—" said the Major—"that is where we pause. We, like you, only want the means to navigate this river to reach Philadelphia. Your friends have secured all the boats, and, as we are rather defective in pontoon resources, we are compelled to halt in our victorious march until nature shall bridge these angry waters with her ice."

"Nevertheless, I shall proceed," said Stella; "I love my country, and only find happiness with its defenders."

"Have you thought of our relative positions, Miss Westville?" said the Major, with affected courtesy—"I, an officer of his Majesty, and you, a friend of the enemy, traveling through a subjugated country?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Stella, "that you can so violate delicacy and justice as to place obstructions to a poor sister who seeks the protection of her brother?"

"In war all is expediency," replied the Major, coolly, "and the better feelings of our nature are often sacrificed to this stern obligation."

"The war is infamous enough," exclaimed Stella; "is it not in the hideous apparel of your own artilleries?"

"Miss Westville," interposed the Major, lastly, "you are under excitement. I am compelled to quit you now, but will return to-morrow. I will leave you adequate protection."

The morning came, and so did Major Malman. Stella shrinked her wretched frame that she might disguise from him the desolation of her heart. As he entered the apartment she demanded:

"To what cause am I to ascribe this detention?"

"Permit me first to speak of other matters," said the Major.

"I will consent—if nothing else," replied Stella. "I want to speak asunder the curtains of this prison, and I demand to know at whose instance I am detained?"

"I care not for my life," said the Major, avoiding a reply to the question. "Plead to me that your hand is mine, and, by the honor that raises a British soldier, you shall be safely guided to the Delaware."

"Can I," asked Stella, "by pronouncing two or three words, regain a liberty I so much desire?"

"I ask to be assured that your hand is mine, and you shall be free," replied the Major.

"And if I drag you, as I have done before?" asked Stella.

"Then I can not interfere for your release," said the Major.

"That?" said Stella, "if I fulfil your wishes I am free—if I fulfil not I remain a prisoner here?"

The Major bowed in response.

"Then here you are!" exclaimed Stella. "It is irredeemable and it's late. I know you! I defy you, too, and all your malice! I know that you are evil. You have tried to pollute with a heart like this your own to do—yours to your power; but your curse is never laid, and it will only afflict until you sink beneath its withering influence."

The rage of the Major could reveal itself in his pallid and distorted features in the gloom of the room. Still he attempted to repress it—then it burst forth—full and wild with all its impetuosity.

"Why should I be bound with you, raton, and my sincerity by entanglement? Why should my principles be liable to rejection, as it touches the duty of man? I am a fool! Call this intemperance, and do not you mean to have with the memory of these charged meetings in my ears?"

"I will not recall a syllable that I have spoken," said Stella; "I will not call. They are the sentiments of my heart."

"Upon my word, I never spoke so impudently before so wholly in my power, and I will as truly reply that I can not do such violence to my heart as to say that that intemperance in its love which you expect from me is in its heart."

He clutched at his pistol. Sprang from the seat trembling in every limb. His sudden movement, when, overcome with flight, she could only utter a scream. It was not in vain. Caesar and Chloe had heard the noise. They knew the voice, and that their mistress was in danger. They dashed hastly to the entrance of the room of Stella. Chloe, grasping a dagger, sprang to the side of the chair, holding the weapon menacingly before the Major. Caesar, however, saw less regard in the Major's looks, and, casting suddenly the dagger which he held in his wrist, then ran to the door. This was open an instant, and he followed his master out into the hall. The Major escaped, and, as he ran, he turned his head, and, looking from the door, "what is this?" he said.

"What is this?" he said again.

"What is this?" repeated the Major, in a voice of despair, as he passed the door.

"What is this?" he said again, dolorously. "Chloe, give me that dagger! I need it myself and you."

Chloe, however, had no time to obey his orders. The Major, with a curse, snatched up his dagger, then cast it to the floor, and, exasperated,

"I will not speak to you after such impudent words; but if, upon my word of honour, I find my authority taxes failed, I will

contrive some means of quelling this fierce spirit, both in masters and servants."

The Major left the room. Caesar indulged in a little piece of pantomime at his departure, while Chloe, astonished at her own daring, knew the scene was ended, stood sobbing beside her mistress.

Stella felt the painfulness of her position. That the Major would not fail to repeat his insults, she well knew. Escape was impossible without the complicity of the sentinels, and there was but little hope of enlisting them in her interest; still it was her only resource, and she determined to appeal to them. She therefore dismissed both the negroes, and, after spending some time in recovering the serenity of her feelings, despite the cold, walked out upon the lawn. She soon encountered one of the sentinels, and asked him to what regiment he was attached.

"The Fiftieth, ma'am," replied the sentinel.

"The Fiftieth," exclaimed Stella, in surprise; "then you know Sergeant Scroggins?"

"Yes, ma'am," the soldier replied, "we are in the same regiment."

"I know the Sergeant well," said Stella; "I am confined here for an insufficient cause, and I know if my name could reach his ear he would effect my liberation. Can you assist me?"

"In a few hours I may be relieved, and then I will tell him you are here," said the sentinel.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Stella, "I never can sufficiently repay you; but, dare you permit my slave to pass to the camp on this message to the Sergeant?"

"I dare not," replied the sentinel; "it would be a breach of duty and punishable. I can do no more than I have promised."

"I will tell you my name, for that will insure the worthy Sergeant's services," said Stella.

"I know you, ma'am," replied the sentinel, smiling. "I knew you before I rode into the stable. We first met at Gravesend. I was one of the Sergeant's men whom you contrived to get so prettily disarmed."

At this moment his master was seen approaching, and the man resumed his soldier-like walk and walked on, while Stella, lighter in the heart that she had found even this chary friend, retired more happily to her room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

WHILE Stella was attempting to express the merciful consideration of the sentinel, the relieved gaurd had reached the camp and was

relating to the Sergeant the rather novel duty upon which he had been occupied. The Sergeant, a strict disciplinarian in military matters, regretted that a Major should allow himself to be made the subject of jesting among the soldiery. He, therefore, instead of returning the scuff of his informant, reproved him for the flippancy of his language; then dismissing him, he proceeded to the Major's quarters.

Major Milman had not returned from mess. Claude, however, was there, and to him he repeated what he had heard, and described the manner in which the wine that contained the charmer was guarded. When the Sergeant had concluded his narrative he was astonished at the frank working of Claude's countenance. He muttered expressions of admiration, and accompanied his passion by drawing a dagger from the girdle of his tunic and dashing his fist upon the table at which the encounter was held. The Sergeant, veteran warrior as he was, was amazed at the uncontrollable passion exhibited by this favorite boy.

"Why, Charlie, why let the fiddler?" said the Sergeant, "what means this, Charlie?" I know you love the Fifteenth. I know you love the Major. I—"

"What do you think, what think you? I love the Major!" exclaims Gertie, with a tinge of mirth; then pushing a silent and blushing girl, who is one of the Sprouts, behind her, in company with others, "Warky Sprouts, your turn. I have sadly forgotten myself."

"If Major's heart! I'll ventilate the boy;  
"I will confess that I have it where I have placed it that  
does not go to the heart. I will quickly do for the  
duty of this country if this errand. Bitter that this  
boy should be sent to such a place."

"Let us go and get Charlie, to night," said the Sergeant.

"I am not well, Sir," said Claude; "my brain is on fire. Let us, however, go on the morrow, that we may resume this matter when I am more calm."

rived to proclaim that the American rebels, still by the British to possess only qualities of flight, had recrossed the Delaware, defeated the terrible Germans, and were advancing upon the main enemy under Howe.

With the first beat of the drum the boy Claude rushed to warn his slumbering master of the peril and of the call. The Major was incredulous.

"It is true, Major," said the Sergeant, who had that instant arrived. "I have spoken with the messenger, and he assures me that Colonel Riddle is killed, the Hessians defeated, and Trenton taken."

"By whom?" asked the astonished Major.

"By General Washington in person."

The Major said no more, but the rapidity with which he completed his toilet proved that he fully estimated the keen nature of the antagonist. He went forth, but soon returned.

"Claude," he said, as he placed his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of the boy, "we are ordered forward. A guard will remain, and you will abide here until I ascertain whether we shall return or not."

Tears appeared in the eyes of the fond boy. He forgot the sorrow of yesterday in the anxiety of the present, although he had registered a fearful oath which made him less anxious to accompany the Major.

"Shall you be wounded?" said Claude, who dare not refer to possibility of a calamity more fatal.

"Then I yield myself to you, my precious boy," responded the Major, quickly.

Claude flushed deeply at the compliment, and, under the plea of collecting a few light things for the Major's comfort, withdrew. Before the morning's sun had lighted up the camp, the Major was upon the march, and Claude, his hand between those spangles hands, sat in anger and despondency.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### STELLA'S YOUNG VISITOR.

The night of clamor at the camp was passed in tranquillity at the villa. Even Stella shuddered in sleep, and the visions of the pillow were peaceful ones. She awoke refreshed; the languish of her heat seemed passed. She had breakfasted, and was sitting in meditation in her room, when the door was opened gently. After boy entered; his face was finely tanned, his forehead lofty; his lips were firmly set, owing to the whole form a decided man.

"I fear I come to increase the pains of your captivity," said the boy. "The valiant soldier, Major Mikan, is suddenly summoned to the field, and I can not pay to you his customary *devoirs*.

"What?" exclaimed Stella, most indignant, "are the Americans acting on the *reverse*? Is General Washington again on this side the Delaware?"

The boy bent over her with a look of indignation, resuming that she had played all the extenuating and apologetic version for the Major.

"I fear," she said, "that I have approached the subject too impulsively. But I have suddenly recollections too abrupt."

"My recollections, Sir," replied Stella, "caused me to find that the safety of my country is concerned. That the voice of that great soul which calls us to duty, and which has so long in you inspired me for it, is still heard. On it, too, I have prayed, as I passed the hundreds of marching Americans on my way hither, that the poor, outraged people might feel that their security was not in flight but in *revenge*."

"Did you find the Major at the moment of your prayer?" asked the boy, ironically.

"In this general and sincere," said Stella, "I thought only of my country."

"You would not wish the destruction of the Major?" urged the boy.

"I wish the victory to my people and my land," replied Stella; "and with a great heart may be gained by the destruction of the foe."

"Why, then, give me money to reward you?" asked the boy.

"Not the character has necessary to my country's freedom," responded Stella, boldly.

"Have you no money for a child?" continued the boy.

"Why, the *object* of my mission is to reward us to this iron and steel-bound world, as he has ordered that our existence should be a curse to us, that let him punish, that we, our country, and our liberties be secured."

"I suppose you are not excommunicated in this general carriage — the Major?" said Stella, smiling.

"I am not; but I am probably liable to no man whom I abhor," said Stella, with indignation.

"Are you a child, then?" continued the boy, "that he has sent for the Major, and that a let down upon that head should be?"

"I can not get it this language," said Stella. "Why are you not a child, then? — in that case, who or even you if he could help might be of use?"

"I am not a child, then; but I am a boy."

"I am not a child, then; but I am a boy."

"I am not a child, then; but I am a boy."

"I am not a child, then; but I am a boy."

was a fiery stealthiness in his glare. The playful acrimony displayed in his conversation had passed away, and the contortions of his face indicated some wicked purpose. Stella receded in alarm.

"The Major," said the boy, with great passion, "has cast himself at your feet; he has thought that your loveliness—which to me is not so visible—is of a description to warrant his admiration. It is a fatal victory to you, for the charms which have thus triumphed must be rendered to the grave. I am the herald of one who permits no rivalry in love. Are you prepared to die?"

"To die!" repeated the thoroughly affrighted woman.

"To die!" responded the boy. "You are beloved by one whose tenderness is death, and I am the executioner."

The alarm of Stella became intense. The visitor was unknown to her. His look was indicative of violence, and his menaces confirmed her fears that she was in the power of a madman. The sound of firearms was now distinctly heard in the distance, to which both listened with interest and attention; but nothing could divert this assailant from his purpose.

"Listen!" he exclaimed; "your requiem is being chanted by both friend and foe—and while the battle rages in yonler heights we will hasten this minor scene in the day's tragedy."

Stella screamed at this repeated threat. She called on Caesar, Chloe and the soldiers, but all were deaf to her supplications. The continual roarings of guns had disturbed the fidelity of the slaves and the vigilance of the sentries—all had fled. She was without succor against the frantic purposes of her enemy. She saw him reach a glass and fill it with a liquid taken from a bottle in his breast.

"Lady," he then said, "in this glass is a decoction of rare properties. It allays the flame of love, and is effective alike on rebel and royalist. Sip the draught, fair lady, and tell me truly if you appreciate it."

"What does it contain?" gasped Stella, almost overcome with terror.

"It contains a germ of happiness," replied the boy.

"I will not taste it!" exclaimed Stella, in agony.

"You must!" firmly willed the boy, as he held the chalice to her lips.

"What does the glass contain?" again implored Stella.

"Hemlock!" fearlessly exclaimed the boy.

"It is poison!" said Stella.

"A mere remedy against life. A classic beverage of the rare old Greeks," said the boy.

Stella was horrified.

"I will not drink it!" she exclaimed, as he again pressed the glass to her lips.

"Lady," said the boy, "I warden shall I, in hours of terrible desolation, have welcome with gratitude such benevolence as

I now pray for you, that I might have given, by an agency not my own, to realms of peacefulness."

Speaker at the session, M.L.I., with a lisp of diverting his purpose, said :

"Ah, indeed! you are, indeed, a child of sorrow? Put aside, for a time, this painful remembrance, and tell me why you have preferred death to life?"

The lawyer stopped at the end of the hall and stopped to reply. Voices could be heard in the room. It was evident that the party had been victorious and that the law had triumphed. The ex-convict was silent, however, and, after taking a long pull at the beer, he cast the glass upon the floor, and, drawing a dagger from his girdle, exclaimed:

"The cap is off, and to your dining-table—I must apply my remedy direct to the heart."

At the moment a faint sound of the fire-works of the last  
day, which was so loud that it could be heard through the house, excited  
me.

"Brave boys! Give them another volley—give them another volley—steady—together—fire!"

A terrible yell of misery echoed; groans filled the air; those who had struggled with him, those that were bound above the echo of the yell. Not a sound was to be heard but the wail of the wind. He had run to the window; but it was only for a moment. He turned upon Stark, and his extended arm, and raised his dagger high over the forsaken girl, with an agonizing scream, impaling on the bay, drove him to the earth like a bolt, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE.

That is, the 22nd of April, he went to New York  
to see his old friends, and to meet with Percy and Roderick. But, as the  
A. M. train from Boston to Albany had to make the long trip to White Plains, the  
L. & N. R. R. had to be taken. Very little traffic had  
been done on the L. & N. R. since the accident. Many little affairs had  
been done with the B. & M. to make up for it, but it caused Percy to be in the  
K. & S. R. station at Albany to wait for the L. & N. R. to come  
and take him to New York. He was to go to the Hotel in town  
and to have a room for the night. He was to go to the Hotel in town  
and to have a room for the night.

the banks of the Delaware, the  
water is very shallow, and the  
currents are strong, so that  
it is difficult to pass.

el until the troops could pass on the ice and pursue their undisturbed course to Philadelphia.

But there was a man, indomitable and great, who yielded not the palm to the British hero. He had fled through the Jerseys, but his retreat had been slow and laborious, and, by his consummate prudence and generalship, he had made the sprawling Delaware the limit of the British pursuit. Not only this, but his busy mind was soon occupied with the bold object of striking a blow in the offensive. With an army in the uniform of Germany, with a larger command than an empty exchequer, in the month of Black December, this great man resolved upon a course which removed the wreath from the brow of the proud Cornwallis and his coadjutor, Lord Howe, and placed it on his own.

One night in December, when these events were in arrangement, Percy was standing unattended on the banks of the Delaware, at a point of the river nearly opposite Trenton. His attention was frequently directed toward the river, as if he anticipated something from that direction, when suddenly he perceived, just distinguishable from the mist, out of whose very thickness it seemed to be born, the mysterious and appalling form of his old spectral guide.

"How invisibly you come and go," exclaimed Percy, as he beheld the visitor approaching, "impenetrable apparition. You almost make me doubt my competency to sustain a watch."

"You are not the less good and observant sentinel because I walk noiselessly," said the specter; "but you watch in vain. The spy you have employed dares not approach the nest of the German."

"Prophetic visitor," said Percy, "I do not disown to you my business here, nor deny that it puts me much to heart that my messenger has failed me."

"A lopt my structures instead of those of the hireling knave who has deceived you," replied the specter. Then, turning toward Trenton, as if he could look into a map unattainable to ordinary vision, he continued: "There lies Read with his Hessians. Your General seeks to attack him in his slumbers. It is a bold effort, worthy of success. The Hessian chieftain is confident to rashness. He might have made his burthen lighter, — but it is little better than a plumb. Enter his wretched, still, slumbering auxiliary sleep, and scatter them before the sun's first gleam's eye. Be bold — be quick — be bold, and the Star will be a be-dazzled of the bold soldier. As you advance toward your victories and sweep the plain, a jewel of price lies in your way. Secure it — it will not expense your bravery."

"What can you say this last day out?" exclaimed Percy, breathlessly; but even while he spoke the specter had disappeared, and while he stood by the river's margin and invoked the invisible to answer, he felt a gentle touch upon the elbow. Turning round in hope, which was soon changed to alarm, a voice retorted:

"Major Archer, this is steadily maintaining the silence needed in movements such as ours."

It was General Washington, who, impatient at delay, had ridden

many miles in a dark and stormy night to learn intelligence in his  
post, he took his interceptors. Nothing could equal the confusion of  
Perry when he received the news of the General; but, he thought  
that he could not extricate himself from the suspicion of in-  
tentional misrepresentation, and by avowing all that had occurred.

The General was a man of the world. He was aware of the extreme fatuity of the world, and of the number such deep anxiety as was now manifested among the members of the army, especially when it had been so recently and so severely tried. Party had been subject to such trials, and he was sure that it was now useless to hope for success. He therefore sent for Party to accompany him back to camp.

When Peleg, however, had reached the camp, and returned to his  
post-prayer, he turned his thoughts on the works of the specter  
which he had seen at Washington; and although he thought that the  
woman was to stay, he did not believe that she had ventured  
into a country so much the enemy's as Jersey. Agitated by these  
fears all night, he was wakened in the morning, but hastened to  
his duties at an early hour.

The visit of General Lee—Who, in his tardy and unwilling march from the Highlands to the Delaware, had allowed himself to be compelled by the night fire to hurriedly establish his quarters there and to meet the army—should have joined General Washington, and he determined to go to the Highlands for some of the eminencies of military intelligence.

Colonel Rahl, the commander, was fatally wounded, and yielded. Those Germans, whose rapacity had filled Jersey with terror, were defeated. Upward of one thousand prisoners remained within the patriots' hands. The joy of the conquerors could not be exceeded. Tears of gratitude and delight ran down their cheeks, and they embraced each other in the streets. They soon refreshed their famish'd bodies from the abundant eatables sent of the vanquished, and ready repaid their rags and sandals, &c., &c., from the well-stocked magazines which they had taken. Percy, in concert with his brother officers, contemplated the extent of the triumph with delight, and General Washington smiled benignantly at the maternal excesses of the men.

The intelligence went forth, incredible alike to loyalist and patriots — joy and retch. Cornwallis abandoned his thoughts of home, and hastened to the captured city. He found it unoccupied, the bridge destroyed across the Assunpink, and the army of independence gone in search of other conquests. The timid legions had now turned upon the foe — the hounds had suddenly become wolves, and were soon the hunters in the chase, and swept the Jerseys of the vaunting foe almost from the Delaware to the Hudson.

As the patriots advanced, Percy was ordered to attack a British post. Instead of finding the enemy in camp, he found him in the field, ready for battle. Undismayed at this demonstration, he led his men to the encounter. The fight was fierce and obstinate. The British, accustomed to victory, seemed to insist upon it now; but the Americans, having so recently tasted of its sweets, were equally determined on triumph. At length the leader of the British fell; the enemy receded, but retained his order. This occurred near a tasteful little dwelling, and Percy, to prevent its occupation by the enemy, burst open the door and entered. Silence was already there. The room to which he penetrated was occupied by two persons — the chamberlain, just rising from the floor with a naked dagger in his hand, while nearby was the body of a prostrate lady. Percy advanced, clasped the boy's hand; but observed that the weapon was not stained with blood, attempted to raise the fallen lady. She was powerless and unconscious. One glance at her pale face, and Steele was clasped to the bosom of her lover.

The emergency of the moment was great. Percy dared not remain, even to dispatch his foe. He resolved, however, to be only a moment absent, and rushed from the apartment still retaining the chamberlain with his stiletto grasp. The dagger was unremoved from his hand. The stab of a British were induced to make a stand, and soon Percy saw the cause. Just rising from a distant hill was visible the grim helmets of a troop of English horse, advancing at their utmost speed to the rescue of their friends. Percy saw the danger, and in an instant ordered his men to take possession of the house, and all the outbuildings. Thus fortified, he questioned whether the British would venture upon an assault. He was correct. The

carry and infantry. They had a short consultation over it, and then they slowly moved in the direction of their encampment.

Percy was the first to return combat, and, with his men safely housed, he sought the room where he had left Stella. What was his astonishment when he found a woman, half dead, placed upon a couch, and by her side a boy, an old soldier, gazing on his walls. A shriek, so powerful that it reached the Major, Percy, was uttered by the boy. The Major ran to him, and, as he struggled to be snatched from liberty. Percy, in pity, gave him his hand, when he rallied to the side of the wounded soldier, crying, as he did, "This hand in the broad palm of the attendant veteran :

"OH, SISTER, how I esteem you for this faithfulness to your charge."

"What?" exclaimed the soldier, who, in surprise, "are you here, Claude?"

Percy bent over Stella. The noise and the air from the opened door had drawn her from the soldier, and she was still in her eyes. The terror was still there, and then was gone, and then recognizing Percy, she gave him her hand, only to relapse again into a swoon.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DEATH-BED.

When Percy and his men to take refuge in the house, they immediately searched every room and every outbuilding—a maneuver which led to the discovery of the hiding-places of Caesar and Chloe. The former, unlike the valiant type from whom he inherited a name, was nearly exhausted. Both were a dazed and weary soldier, though their lives lay in a perfect straw in the stable which they had entered, and from which they soon heard the most pitiful sounds and groans. Another soldier, however, were equally fortunate in discovering in the stable room of Chloe, who, at the first sound of arms, had hidden herself, but who told that "Miss Sid" would find her there, and that she would stay.

The soldier who was appointed to guard her was Major MacLean. On the following morning, the Major, on the other the level of Chloe, was lying dead. Chloe had the Major's hand, well pressed, and she held it close, and pressed it to his heart.

"Cecilia," he said, "you say, I know you above me truly. You must be the exception of my soul. Separated from my body, and resting in my heart, will be found the portrait of a lady. That must be my companion to the grave. Among my effects you will find a picture of myself—only I the bearer of it to England, and to my grave. I have but the last morsel of my heart was for her, and that the last morsel I buried I was that of Helen."

The agitation of the boy increased. His bosom heaved, and many ejaculations of agony escaped him. Then he bowed his head toward the dying Major, and said :

" Wish you to see this Helen ? "

" What mean you, boy ? " asked the Major, with an energy that seemed to have expired.

" She is here," exclaimed Clark, " beneath this roof, and only awaits to be assured that her presence will calm your sufferings to tell you that her heart was ever yours."

" You rave, poor boy," said the Major, " and only distress me in your hope to lessen my anguish."

" Oh, I don't rave," said Clark. " How dare I talk with your followers at this appalling hour ? Permit me but to intimate that you will receive her gladly, and she will be in an instant by your side."

" Is such beneficence possible ? " exclaimed the Major. " God, Clark, I have confidence in you, boy. And if such a mercy can be granted, death will be deprived of more than half its bitterness."

Clark quitted the room. The Sergeant, a silent spectator of this exciting scene, who still stood by the Major's side, his own wounds roughly binding by his self, stuck his head incredulously as the boy closed the door of the apartment; but what was his astonishment when, a few minutes after, a gentle and timid knock was heard, and there entered a lady of great beauty, clad in mourning.

" Helen," cried the Major, as he recognized the visitor.

" Lennox," was the response, and the lady threw herself upon her knees beside the couch. The worthy Sergeant impressed with a reverence for an hour so peculiar to his own, withdrew from the room and went in search of Clark, the only associate now whose feelings could assimilate with his own.

Percy had removed Stella to another room before she was aware of the wounded Major having been conveyed to the house. He sent the recovered Clark to her assistance where he attended to the disposition of his men; but when he found that all the right of action on the offensive was denied him by the British, he rejoined Stella, whose gratitudo was unbounded.

At this juncture the maid-servants at the door, and the worthy Sergeant entered. Percy and Stella were astounded. The former recognized his master, and stood before him in silent grief; but the Sergeant was indeed the soldier of other days. The English had been beaten, and the Major lay at the point of death. His heart was always stricken, but he had often in the course of his life received from the worthy pair. He sprang forward, and caught hold on his breast, and was about to speak; but Percy caught his hand and said :

" Not a word of thankfulness. We can appreciate you without words, and you are in no state to utter them."

" Your gender is features we capable of such things," said the worthy Sergeant; " but, in another room, my Major is dying. He desires to see you, Major Arthur and Miss Westcott, and I know you will not deny him this late wish in fact."

"We will follow you to Major Melmen's room," replied Stella. They were soon at the dying man's side. The hue of death was upon his visage. His hand was pillow'd upon the delicate arms of a young woman of elegant beauty, who, with her other hand, caress'd his head. He spoke but a few words. When Stella was sufficiently near to hear his words, he said :

"Like to many others, Miss Westville, I have withheld my reputation until a recent meeting; but, my penitence is not the less sincere because it is late. I believe you great wrong. I implored Major Melmen, the wealthy whig you were, to bid him, to entice you to New York, with a sum of money in gold, to place you in my power. Can you pardon this and the succeeding outrages?"

Stella shuddered, and pressed the Major's clammy hand, and said, with more than mortal sweetness :

"As I have to be judged in a Christian spirit of mercy, so do I judge you. From the bottom of my heart I freely pardon every deed and word."

The Major sank in quietfulness, and gave a triumphant look at the lady seated by him.

"Goodness lady," said the stranger, "these noble sentiments entitle me to beg your forgiveness for the violence committed by me."

"You are pronouncing an unfair judgment," remarked Stella.

"No, lady," said the stranger. "You can not have forgotten the Major Clark, the villain who attempted your life so recently."

Stella shuddered at the recollection.

"I can not forget an assault upon you, lady," said Stella. "I was preserved from death by an angel. Major Arthur has in vain sought me since. I have been at the Lure and Bullring; but his presence is not yet detected."

"I am that Major Clark," said the stranger, "who, in a moment of fury, sought your life."

"You have no right to implicate the Major?" exclaimed Stella.

"I am the Major," said the stranger, "who, in the moment of fury, sought Major Melmen from his death. Of course, Arthur has been detected and within the hour, will be in his cell, to answer for his crime. However, they have, for a moment, suspended his sentence, and he has been allowed to speak with his wife."

Major Melmen had died, and Stella only understood the Major's words, as they had been uttered in her ear. She had no time to say a word, as she had been called to her room.

"Save me from the world again," said Stella; the secret is out, and it is too late. Let the Major escape, as it is thought he has, to the American coast; and I, sent to you to where your heart is so tender, you may be contented in a mad and I an asylum in this place, you may be contented in a mad and I an asylum in this place, you may be contented and I in the heart and residence of Miss Westville."

All were profoundly affected at this ingenuous conduct of the noble American woman. Percy kissed her hand. Tears showered from the eyes of Helen, and the Major was so overpowered that for a time he could not speak. When he did so, he exclaimed :

"How much is the pang of death softened by such virtues!"

He now beckoned Percy, and with a voice scarcely distinct, said :

"Major Archer, noble foe, I trust to your care and kindness this portion of my heart;" and he pointed to Helen. "She is a stranger and alone; but you and Miss Westville have hearts ample enough to entertain and protect even a national foe."

"Yes, Major Malman, we will be her friends through life." He pressed Percy's hand with the little strength he had; he pressed Helen to his heart; unable to speak, he pointed to Stella and the Major as her protectors; then, with no more effort, no more agony than a sigh, he quitted earth forever.

Major Malman was interred with military honors; and notwithstanding the regret with which Helen left the spot, both ladies were on their way to Philadelphia the following morning. They pursued their journey by easy distances, and the indefatigable efforts Stella made to restore the happiness of her new friend so endeared her to Helen's heart, that she became indispensable to the mourner's happiness. Under this kind guidance she soon regained some of her wonted cheerfulness. They reached Philadelphia, and became comfortably established. Helen became a wild worshipper of her friend and counselor, and soon learned that, in such worship, her nobler nature found a worthy shrine.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### A FURLough AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Rufus, though not less gallantly employed in the great work of reconquest, was so far separated from Percy that he only heard of the late occurrences by letter; but they excited considerable interest in his mind, and when he and Percy again met on the plains of victory to congratulate each other on their success, Rufus insisted upon a minute recital of all these incidents concerning Percy's overthrow of their original aggressors, "the Thirteth." This was willingly done, and Rufus became a thoughtful listener to the narrative of Helen's remarkable devotion to the unworthy officer. Percy also informed him that he had extracted a promise from Stella that if he obtained a short leave of absence to visit Philadelphia, he should be superlatively recompensed. Rufus could but determine to be his companion, and his resolution was confirmed when, on the following day, he received a letter from his sister describing the nature of the reward—her hand—and begging him to make the gift more sacred by his presence.

The heart of Percy was so intoxicated with the glories of the American arms, and with the thoughts of his coming happiness, that he sought the most retired spots in order to be alone with the divine sweetness of his thoughts. The evening before his departure he had been induced, by the loveliness of the night, to remain abroad until after midnight. Passing through a wood on his way homeward, he discerned his mystic guardian at his side!

"Let not the warrior's duties be forgotten in the bridegroom's joy's," said the presence, sternly. "The foundations of the fabric in construction must be defended until its superstructure be completed. Achieved in patriotism, and preserved in integrity, let this land be a gigantic guide and teacher to the world."

Percy was amazed at the reappearance of this perplexing shadow. He listened to its admonition with but little pleasure; but when it foretold the glory of his country, the fire of patriotism consumed all other thoughts, and he would have replied, but the specter had disappeared. Percy hastened to the camp, wondering if indeed, as Washington had declared, it was all an illusion, this supernatural guest.

The friends reached Philadelphia, where Percy and Stella were united. Rufus, delighted with the character of Helen, became quite enamored of her loveliness. He rendered her every graceful attention, yet preserved a studied reserve, respecting, as he deeply did, her gentle sorrow for her dead lover. When the time arrived that rendered it necessary for himself and Percy to rejoin their regiment, never did they buckle on their swords with more reluctance.

Many months passed away in the services of the field. Rufus had gained his majority, and Percy his full command of the regiment. Helen, though repeatedly solicited by her friends to return to England, would not quit her beloved Stella; nor would Stella willingly spare her, so deeply was she attached to the English girl.

"It takes a long service to wash the crime from this right hand, which was once raised against your life. I can not leave you, Stella," would Helen sometimes remark.

"If that retains you, dear Helen," Stella would reply, "I will never relieve you from the obligation."

One day arrived two military letters. One was for Stella, from Percy, and the other was addressed to Helen. That for the former diffused joy over the wife's loving face; but the face of the latter was suffused with blushes, and her hand was tremulous with the agitation in her mind.

"Helen, is the subject of that letter unacceptable to your heart?" asked Stella.

"You know it, then, dear Stella?" interrogated Helen.

"I do, Helen," replied Stella.

"Does it meet your approval?" asked Helen.

"My devotion to you, dear Helen, might tell you how I should estimate such an alliance," replied Stella.

Helen fell upon her neck and sobbed convulsively.

"Until recently," she said, "I thought that my heart was in the grave. But how can Rufus ask a hand attainted by an attempt on his sister's life?"

"Because he knows the heart disowns the deed," replied Stella, "and because his sister has told him of the rich virtues of her dearest friend. Besides, he knows that if the misguided Claude once assailed his sister, the same gallant boy preserved the life of her dear friend Percy, now that sister's husband."

When these friends again made a short visit to Philadelphia, it was on the occasion of the marriage of Rufus and Helen. During this period of festival, Chloe informed Stella of the "imp'rance o' that nigger Cæsar." About the same time Cæsar had spoken to Rufus of the sympathy he entertained for the loneliness of Chloe, and the remedy he proposed. Their master and mistress, wishing to make them as happy as themselves, consented to their union, and Cæsar led his sable charmer to the altar, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow.

A few years, when another generation of both Archers and Westvilles had commenced their pilgrimage, peace was proclaimed, and both these valiant soldiers and loving husbands marched triumphantly into New York in the train of General Washington.

To their great surprise, the worthy Sergeant Scroggins was still the occupant of the house in Pearl street. He had lost an arm, and bore other visible marks of the prowess of his antagonists; but he was in health, and the meeting was most cordial. Percy and Rufus were overwhelmed with his thankfulness and honest love.

When Percy and Rufus reported to Stella and Helen what the British had left behind them in their retreat, they desired that their excellent enemy might be retained in safe custody until they could reach New York, and determine upon his fate. A week later, when this council of four called on the Sergeant, and informed him that it was determined that he should be removed to a certain estate in Virginia, on which in future he was to reside near to Percy Archer, his wife and family, tears stood in the disabled veteran's eyes, his wife covered the hand of Stella with kisses, and even the infant Jeopardy, whom Percy had saved from the flames, folded his little arms tightly round the knee of his preserver, uttering exclamations of unfeigned thankfulness.

Soon, all were established beneath the hospitable roof of Percy Archer, where the Sergeant made every effort to be useful. When Rufus and Helen were visiting there, which was not unfrequent, they would form a party beneath the shade of a venerable oak that stood on the grounds, and talk over past occurrences. One of the most weighty and ever-present thoughts in the heart of the Sergeant was what could have become of the poor boy, Claude; but none offered a conjecture, and the worthy fellow knew not that the sweet voice which, in later life, soothed many hours of his affliction, was that of the youth whom he had so fondly cherished as Claude.

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